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THOUGHTS ON THE AIR MENACE

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES GWYNN

EVERYONE accepts the reality of the Air Menace, but whether it is becoming increasingly formidable, or whether it has reached the peak of its potentialities, is a matter for speculation. A few years ago it was universally believed that no adequate defence could be provided to neutralize the ever increasing speed and range of bombing aircraft. The best that could be hoped for was that a small percentage of losses might be inflicted on raiders. Opinion differed as to whether, if ruthless attack were delivered under such conditions, the morale of nations would stand the strain; and it was not appreciated how far passive precautionary measures might minimize the effects of attack. The theory generally accepted was that the air menace could be countered only by reprisal action. The possibility of stern and adequate reprisals would, it was held, deter an enemy from resorting to air warfare in its most ruthless forms. An aggressor could no longer count on waging war beyond his own frontiers, and he would therefore be bound to consider the effect of reprisals on the morale of his non-combatant population and on the security of his home bases.

That theory, no doubt, in large measure still holds good, but it can be pushed too far. It would, I think, be a mistake to expect that, once hostilities commenced, it would retain its validity. It is true that, in the last months of the Great War, the fear of reprisals against the Rhine towns was probably one of the reasons why the air raids on London ceased. It must be remembered, however, that by that time the morale of the German people had reached a low ebb and could not safely be exposed to fresh strains. The theory certainly never justified neglect of other measures of defence. Germany, before she embarked on the reconstruction of her air force, brought her

organization of passive defence and anti-aircraft armaments to a high state of perfection—a clear indication of her intention to tear up the Versailles Treaty rather than of her fears of unprovoked attack. Great Britain, on the other hand, though so much more vulnerable, entirely neglected such defence measures. It was perhaps in great part reliance on reprisal action that has, till recently, affected the attitude of the R.A.F. towards active anti-aircraft defences—though no doubt the experience in the Great War of the ineffectiveness of anti-aircraft fire was a contributing reason. Whatever the reason was, no one could be in touch with R.A.F. officers without realizing that many deprecated the expenditure on ground defences for fear of diverting money which might more profitably be expended on bombing aircraft. Nor were they very confident, for various technical reasons, in the ability of fighting aircraft to intercept and engage effectively bombing aircraft of ever increasing speed and gun power.

In the last few years a salutary change of attitude has taken place. The deterrent value of a bombing force, comparable to that of any possible enemy, remains a fundamental factor ; but, on the other hand, owing to a number of technical developments, interception of attacking bombers by fighting machines has greater probability of success. Ground defences—guns, lights, and, possibly balloon barrages—are treated with greater respect. The degree of immunity that is given by a well designed system of shelters is also realized. These factors, of course, cut both ways, so that the deterrent value of a bombing force is to some extent reduced ; this may be very small if the nation which relies on it has neglected precautionary measures to an extent which produces discrepancies in the relative vulnerability of the combatants.

What has brought about the change of attitude, so evident in the recent crisis, towards defence measures ? To a large extent it has been due, I think, to the logical conclusions which can be drawn from the technical development of equipment of all sorts. But it needed practical experience of war to confirm logical deductions—such has been provided to a limited extent to us by the war in Spain. In that conflict, it is true, the nature of the troops on either side, the scale of their equipment, their

training and the extent of improvisation makes it easy to draw false deductions. Both sides, however, to a greater or less extent, have had the assistance of highly trained air personnel and air armament of the highest standard, and, moreover, the same applies to their anti-aircraft personnel and equipment. Consequently there is some justification in attaching value to experience gained in the particular case of air combat and anti-aircraft defence, due allowance being made for the difference between numerical strength available in Spain and the numerical strength which would be deployed in a major international war.

The August, 1938, number of the journal of the Royal United Service Institution contained an exceedingly interesting and suggestive article by Capitaine Didier Poulain, French Army Aviation Reserve, who has watched the war in close touch with the insurgents. He is clearly more concerned with the general lessons affecting air warfare to be drawn from their experiences than, for instance, with the performance of individual types of machines employed on either side. Thus he notes that, though Spain affords an unusual number of good natural landing grounds, the Insurgents, in one of their main offensives, did not disperse their aircraft but concentrated a large number on a single base. Theoretically this offered an admirable target for the bombers of the other side. That the Government air force did not take advantage of the target was evidently not solely due to numerical inferiority. For Capitaine Poulain makes three important points. (1) That it is now definitely admitted that the bomber cannot defend itself against the fighter. (2) That the very efficient observer service of the insurgents enabled the protective fighter squadrons to be 3,000 feet in the air five minutes (perhaps optimistic figures) after the attacking planes had crossed the line; and that even without the aid of radio telephonic communication the ground organization could indicate to the fighters the position of an enemy whom they might fail to sight. (3) That anti-aircraft guns have shown themselves to be extraordinarily efficient, particularly the German gun of somewhat smaller calibre than our 3.7. He considers also that three batteries (18 guns) of the pompom type, if used to protect a target small enough to necessitate low flying, can produce an impenetrable barrage up to 7,000 feet.

As regards the first point his corollary is that for day attack at least the bomber must be protected by an escort of fighters numerically at least equal to the fighters of the defence. If that escort is beaten the bomber must seek safety in flight. Bombers can no longer protect themselves by flying in close formation, covering each other with flanking fire, for, owing to their speed, violent wind pressure makes flanking fire almost impracticable. The fighting pilot, following in the wake of the bomber, with his fixed machine-gun can shoot more accurately than the machine-gunner of the bomber firing to the rear or flank with a gun on a pivotted mounting. Moreover, the fighter pilot is greatly protected by his own engine, and even if his machine is damaged he can escape by parachute. If he is part of a defending force he has the comforting assurance that he will probably land in friendly territory. Of course many successful bombing attacks have been made in Spain, but with targets at close-range conditions were favourable. Moreover, Capitaine Poulain tells us that he has seen on occasion as many as thirty fighters escorting five bombers. In spite of that we have heard of many raids failing to reach their objective.

Now if Capitaine Poulain's observations are correct, and I see no reason for mistrusting them, they should bring us a considerable amount of comfort. In the first place it may, I think, be safely assumed that bombers attacking this country from long distances cannot be escorted by fighting 'planes, at least not by 'planes with the same qualities as those of the defence. The radius of action of the fighter cannot be extended to equal that of the bomber without sacrificing efficiency. He must in the nature of things be carrying weight. Secondly, there is no reason why our observer service should not be as efficient as that in Spain, where it had to function to cover vulnerable points at no great distance from the fighting line. Thirdly, our anti-aircraft defences, including searchlights, should be more complete than those of Spain.

There is, unfortunately, a nigger in the wood pile. Capitaine Poulain's observations refer chiefly to daylight conditions. He says that he himself asked the question why, if bombers experienced so many difficulties by day, did they not resort to night operations. The answer was that military objectives were

difficult to pick out at night. This is not a very satisfying answer—while, of course, the definition of military objective is neither precise nor likely to be respected. One gets more satisfaction from the thought that, under war conditions, many of the aids to night flying which can be employed in peace would not be in operation, and that with increased speed errors in navigation are accentuated. At all events anti-aircraft fire should keep raiders at a height from which, in average weather it would be difficult to pick out leading features on the ground—as it did most effectively, be it said, during the air raids on Barcelona. Moreover, with an efficient system of lights the fighting machine of the defence, within a limited area, is a source of danger to the bomber.

It would be optimistic, however, to believe that an enemy determined and prepared to accept risks would not still be able to make night attacks on targets of the dimensions of London and our great manufacturing towns. That such attacks would cause immense destruction of property goes without saying, but it would probably be mere chance if vital targets of small size were hit. The experience both in China and Spain indicates that with reasonable precautions loss of life would not be heavy, and certainly not of an extent that would break the morale of a self-respecting people. Although bombing attacks have not in Spain or China been on the scale which might develop in a great war they do not indicate that the morale of non-combatants is highly sensitive to attack, and, with experience, it appears to improve rather than deteriorate.

On the whole the experiences of Spain and China seem hardly to encourage those who believe in the inevitability and decisive effect of ruthless air warfare on non-combatants. As in the Great War its chief effect would probably be a great reduction in the productive capacity of industry. It certainly would not seem that we need be defenceless, as some years ago was widely supposed. That, of course, would also apply to our possible enemy, and in consequence the deterrent effect of reprisals may have diminished, though we hold the advantage, that if we were engaged in a Continental war, we should in allied territory have bases sufficiently near to the enemy to enable us to provide escorts of fighters to our bombing aircraft. The recent decision

of the Government to multiply the numbers of our fighter squadrons at a greater rate than that of bombers has been criticized by those who pin their faith to reprisal action. The decision, if we accept Capitaine Poulain's evidence, would, however, seem to be justified; both on the grounds of the efficiency of fighters in defence and of the necessity of escorts for bombers. Nevertheless, relative strength in bombing machines remains a factor of importance; a proper balance between offensive and defensive capacity is essential.

So far I have discussed the question of the air menace only so far as it affects air raids on this country. It takes other forms. The extreme section of the air-minded would have us believe that air power will be the only factor to count in wars of the future, and that armies and navies are destined to play a subsidiary rôle. If that were true as regards navies our prospects would indeed be precarious, though the fate of armies might not greatly concern us. The experiences of current wars, and the rearmament measures everywhere in progress, make it clear, however, that the day for discounting the value of the older Services has not yet arrived. What we do require to discover is the proper proportion which should be maintained between the three defence Services. No one denies that air power is bound to play a great part in warfare, but how decisive the part will be and what forms it should take is a matter for speculation. The Navy certainly derives some satisfaction from the inaccuracy of bomb dropping under war conditions. Under peace conditions no doubt sensational results are obtainable, but if attacking planes can be kept at a reasonable height inaccuracy due to increased speed tends to eliminate advantage derived from improved bombing technique and equipment. Dive bombing no doubt gives a high standard of accuracy, but with the increase of speed the physical effect on the pilot imposes limitations on that method. That merchant ships, unprovided with the protective devices possessed by war vessels, have so often survived direct hits is also reassuring; and it is somewhat surprising that ports like Valencia and Barcelona, so frequently subjected to bombing, should, nevertheless, have continued to function; more especially as the Insurgent forces had such a convenient base in the Balearic Islands.

Air attacks on merchant shipping, carried out without restrictions, may be a serious danger, but much would depend on the air bases available and on the number of aircraft which could be spared for the task. Meanwhile naval action has, in many ways, gained in efficiency through use of aircraft and warships are well provided with defence against air attack. The power of the Navy does not therefore seem to be seriously threatened; it may have increased.

As regards the co-operation of aircraft in Army operations Spanish experiences may be misleading. Aircraft are bound to take a large part in ground operations, but how far some of the duties which we have seen them carrying out in Spain should be considered normal is not so certain. In Spain, as in Abyssinia, they have been used to bombard trenches in support of infantry attack, but that was probably an improvisation to make good deficiencies in artillery. The moral effect of bombing is not likely to be great against entrenched troops of high quality, and, unless it is carried out from low altitude, it is too inaccurate to produce the physical results obtainable by artillery. Nor can it vie with the continuity and exact synchronization with the infantry advance, of an artillery barrage.

Aircraft are better fitted to engage opportunity targets or troops in movement—and in this way to be a boon to the defence. Duties such as reconnaissance and observation of artillery fire, which in the Great War were the main and most continuous tasks of army co-operation aircraft, will, of course, still be of great importance, but whether with increasing speed reconnaissance reports will lose in reliability, and artillery observation be less easy to carry out, may be open to question. Possibly in this country the design of aircraft, specifically for army co-operation duties, has not received sufficient attention. Attack on opportunity targets, such as motorized columns, presumably will depend for success on the extent to which columns are protected by anti-aircraft defences and whether air superiority can be established sufficiently to conceal movements. In the Great War air superiority several times changed hands with the introduction of new types of aircraft. Will that happen again now that standardization of performance is more nearly reached? The defeat of the Italians at Guadalajara was due

not merely to badly organized transport columns but to the absence of anti-aircraft fire and to local air superiority due to the effect of weather on the landing grounds of the respective sides. Those of Madrid were permanent bases. Against the success at Guadalajara there are failures of air action to take the advantage of apparent opportunities. - The bridges over the Ebro on which the Government counter-offensive towards Gandesa so much depended, escaped destruction in spite of concentrated air attack. Even more remarkable is it that the Japanese, on more than one occasion, have succeeded in landing troops from transports in face of opposition, although that would seem to have presented great opportunities for even a weak defending air force. The Spanish Government, too, with ill-equipped and untrained troops, succeeded in gaining a footing on Majorca, although they were in the end evicted chiefly by air action, largely owing to the lack of anti-aircraft batteries. The failure of aircraft seriously to interrupt rail communications both in Spain and China should also be noted. When such instances are analysed there is little to show that air power is omnipotent, however essential a factor it may be in modern warfare.

The use of aircraft in Abyssinia as an agent for developing gas attack produced something approaching a general panic and led in this country to what was perhaps an unbalanced concentration on anti-gas defences, to the neglect of other equally important anti-aircraft precautions. It is hardly a matter of congratulation that we should be the best equipped nation against gas attack, when it is obvious that, in other respects, we are so far behind. The barefooted, ignorant Abyssinian, with practically no anti-aircraft organization either in the air or on the ground and with no means of retaliation, presented exceptional temptation to the unscrupulous. The danger of gas attack from the air can obviously be over-rated. The effect of lethal gas depends on high concentrations which, it is hardly conceivable, could be effected by air attack, except very locally and under favourable conditions. It is a danger which chiefly affects congested districts. Spraying of vesicant poison over wide areas is an unpleasant possibility, but so is the risk of retaliation in kind. I should imagine that if spraying were

resorted to it would be confined to areas within the zone of active operations.

What conclusions can we arrive at then as to the decisive effect of air power in war? As regards attack on the civil population, it must be admitted that the air menace is alarming, but from its nature it opens the way for reprisals to a greater extent than any other form of warfare. Reliance on the deterrent effect of reprisals might, however, prove a broken reed if defensive precautions were neglected. The increased speed and power of hostile offensive aircraft is to a large extent counterbalanced by the increased efficiency of defensive fighters. Defensive ground organization and armaments have also gained greatly in efficiency. The developments of the parachute have conferred a distinct advantage to the defence, not only in moral effect but also in reducing wastage of highly trained pilots. Theoretically at least it would seem that bombing of distant, well defended targets does not promise to achieve great success. It would imply great strain on personnel and a high rate of wastage of human and material resources. To whatever pitch a nation can bring its production of aircraft it must be realized that a large proportion are not bombers of great capacity and range. Very large numbers of types designed for other purposes are included in the figures.

Absolute security cannot be hoped for, but on the whole, it would seem that the organizers of British armament have it in power, not merely to check the growth of the menace, but to arrive at a standard of security which not long ago appeared quite unattainable. Too evidently they have not yet fully exercised that power.

THE MODERN TECHNIQUE OF AGGRESSION

BY F. ELWYN JONES

THE modern technique of aggression does not depend on military invasion as its sole weapon. "Peaceful partition", indeed, is preferred to war. In the modern world of complicated international relationships, regional security systems, and non-aggression pacts, military invasion is a highly dangerous adventure. And, no matter how bellicose the declarations of the dictators may be, extension of power by action short of war is far preferred to war itself.

It is this necessity which has inspired that technique of aggression with which Europe and the Far East is now familiar—the technique of attack from within. It is not a new technique, as every schoolboy who has read about the Trojan Horse knows. But it is being applied to-day with such ruthlessness and efficiency that historical parallels which may be drawn to it are hardly recognizable.

This modern aggression conceals itself under respectable aliases. The principal is racial self-determination. It has become a regular German and Italian practice to discover racial "rights"—'Nice, Tunis, Corsica' is the prevailing slogan of Italian Fascism. Having asserted racial "rights", Germany and Italy proceed to demand satisfaction of those rights. Finally, if satisfaction is not forthcoming, they demand "compensation" for the renunciation of those "rights".

Nazi Germany, of course, has far better facilities for exploiting racial self-determination than has her Italian ally. There are Germans all over Europe. There is hardly a European country which does not include some Germans. Indeed the Nazi view, as expressed by the Nazi publicist, Dr. Kurt Trampler, in a periodical on Geopolitics is that :

"The Germans are the sole great people of Central Europe, the sole purely European people and must enjoy the right to inhabit the region from the Vosges to the Soviet borders, from the Baltic to the Adriatic".

This is the plan of the Nazi extremists. It is the familiar concept of the "master race". And it is a concept that is now crystallizing into definite shape. Already the Nazis differentiate between "*Staatsangehörige*" and "*Volksangehörige*", that is to say between subjects of a State and members of a nation. All Germans outside the Reich are members of the German nation (*Volk*.) This is their primary status. Inferior to that is their status as citizens of the State to which they belong. That is the broad Nazi theory—one which by its nature constitutes a direct menace to the integrity and independence of States containing large German minorities.

This Nazi theory is now being fully elaborated, and Germans abroad are being trained to play their part in establishing this German mastery. As far back as August, 1937, at the Conference of the *Auslands Organization* (Foreign Organization) of the Nazi Party, Herr Rudolf Hess presented banners to delegates from Nazi groups in countries as widespread as Bolivia and Greece, France and Paraguay, Panama and Great Britain. Herr Hess also awarded special honours for good work in 1937 to the national group leader in Brazil (director of 87 local Nazi groups), the national group leader in British India, the leader in South Africa and Tanganyika, and many other leading Nazi functionaries in Holland, Belgium, Rumania, Egypt, China, Australia and Chile.

Wherever he may be, the German abroad is drawn into this world network. In every country where such activity is tolerated, there is a Nazi organization with a complex system of subdivisions. The core is the Nazi cell. This does not come out into the open. To organize it is the function of the "German Colony" in each place. Round the Nazi cell are grouped the subsidiary organizations—the German Labour Front, the German School Associations, the German Church Associations, the League of German Women Abroad, the Hitler Youth Movement, Winter Help, etc.

In Great Britain, for instance, the Nazis have their "Brown House" in Wilton Road, Victoria, from whence they will shortly transfer to the more commodious space of the former Austrian Legation in Belgrave Square. London itself is divided into Nazi districts, each district having its own "cell". The

North London Nazi cell met last winter in a Dalston Restaurant ; the Central London Nazis in Porchester Hall ; West London Nazis at Eaton Rise, Ealing. There are also Nazi cells in the provinces—the Sussex cell met in a tea room in Brighton, the Surrey cell in Sutton. In addition the Labour Front (which all Germans are compelled to join) also has cells in London, and its members are organized in their trades and professions. Nazi women clerks meet in Ealing. On different days the Technical Group meets at the same Ealing address, while Nazi dealers and traders meet in the West Central district.

Some of the activities of these groups are, of course, purely social and unobjectionable. But the sacred duty of espionage—conveying “information”—which is instilled into each Nazi Party member, and the extent to which members of these cells and groups are subject to intimidation from those in control, renders suspect the activities of these Nazi organizations. Their work in South Africa has already proved highly embarrassing to the Government of the Union, which has found it necessary for its own protection to declare the Nazi organization illegal.

This year a code for Germans Abroad has been drawn up and has already been secretly issued to members of the German minority abroad. The code is believed to have been drafted by Dr. Goebbels and approved by Herr Hitler. It draws up eleven “Commandments” for “Germans Abroad”; the following are the most interesting to non-Germans :

“Every German must keep up social contacts exclusively with Germans, because in that way he helps to fortify the German spirit among those who are either weak or wavering.

Every German abroad must support economically only Germans and buy in German shops. Only if there are no Germans may he buy from other Aryans.

Every German employer must employ only German labour. No German should work with or support Jews in any way.

Do not forget that your place is in German and not foreign organizations.”*

Germans in Poland were told to “study the orders of the *Führer* and act accordingly”. Immediately afterwards, reports the *Sunday Times* Correspondent, in Warsaw, “a strong boycott was proclaimed against all non-German shops and businesses in Western Poland, Volkynia, and Southern Poland”.

In Czecho-Slovakia, the Nazis have exploited racial self-

**Sunday Times*, 5th March, 1939.

determination to the utmost. The claims of the Sudeten Germans were used to break the back of the Czech State. Then the remaining Germans were the agents of an enterprise designed to stifle the last breath of Czech independence. The members of the small German minority in the Czecho-Slovak rump were organized into a compact mass owing obligations solely to the German *Volk* and none to the Czecho-Slovak State. Their leader, Dr. W. Kundt demanded for all the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia the same rights and privileges as members of the Nazi Party in Germany—the right to wear Nazi uniforms, display Nazi flags, publish Nazi newspapers, organize Nazi Courts of Justice, and, finally, drill an army of their own ready to be incorporated into the Reichswehr in the event of war. Dr. Kundt was clearly not content with equality between the German minority and the Czech inhabitants of Bohemia and Moravia. His whole attitude was inspired by the notion that the German minority was a privileged class in Czecho-Slovakia. That conception has now been put into grim effect, and the Nazis have succeeded in destroying the Czech state by the use of the technique of brow-beating which Herr Hitler analyses so carefully in *Mein Kampf*:

“ A shrewd victor will, if possible, keep imposing his demands on the conquered by degrees. He can then, in dealing with a nation which has lost its character—and this means each one that submits voluntarily—count on its never finding in any particular act of oppression a sufficient excuse for taking up arms once more.

On the contrary, the more the exactions that have been willingly endured, the less justifiable does it seem to resist at last on account of a new and apparently isolated (though in fact constantly recurring) imposition ”.

Throughout south-eastern Europe the German minorities are the advance-guard of Nazi expansion. Thus the German minority in Rumania, about three quarters of a million strong, was, until the establishment of the Third Reich, loyal to the Rumanian State. Now, thanks to the activity of Nazi agents who have worked ceaselessly to this end since 1933, this loyalty has been transferred to Germany.

Most of the half million Germans in Yugoslavia live in Croatia and Slovenia. The Nazis in fact describe Slovenia as “ Germanic territory ” and regard the Germans as the governing class of this part of Yugoslavia. Through these Germans the Nazi Party is able to organize espionage, propaganda and sedition. Semi-

military organizations have been created, and illegal Nazi activities are carried out under the cloak of innocent sports, and even musical associations. The *Kulturbund* (Cultural League) has a membership of 90,000 Germans and aims to increase the "German" consciousness among the German minority and to develop this along Nazi lines. In addition a regular policy of colonization of Slovenia by Germans is being carried out. Germans residing in Yugoslavia are provided by the Nazi Party with money to buy landed estates bordering the strategic roads and railways running from Vienna to Trieste through Slovene territory. In the town of Maribor, on the Austrian frontier, Germans are now in possession of 57 per cent. of the landed estates. In order to escape the law of April, 1937, which regulates the purchasing of land by foreigners, the Nazis frequently make use of a Slovene man of straw. In the summer of 1938 a poor farmer purchased a landed estate at St. Kriz, on the Austrian frontier, to the value of £4,200. Immediately afterwards the real purchaser, a rich German merchant, put upon it a mortgage to the value of the estate.

On the West, German minorities are also used for Nazi purposes. In Holland the Dutch Government has had to take frequent action against Nazi conspirators. As far back as 1933 the activity of the Netherlands unit of the Nazi Party was directed so openly against the Dutch laws and advocated so frankly the annexationist aims of the Nazis that for a time the Nazis had to withdraw their chiefs in view of the protests made against them by the Dutch people. Again in 1935 the Dutch authorities had to deport the Nazi Commissioner for interfering in the internal affairs of Holland. However, Nazi activities continue, so much so that the Nazi Labour Front is more developed in Holland than in any country outside Germany itself.

In Denmark, the Nazi Party runs a subsidiary called the *Landesgruppe Dänemark*, with headquarters in Copenhagen. Its members are propagandists—and many of them are also spies. As far back as December, 1937, Herr Jacobsen, Chief of the Danish Police, stated that hardly anybody would believe it possible if they knew on what a scale spying is practised in Denmark. In both Norway and Sweden German residents are regimented in the Nazi movement.

In Switzerland Nazi penetration works through four main channels. First, through the Nazi Party in Switzerland. In almost every Swiss town there is a Nazi Party group, with its various subsidiary organizations, all financed and directed from Germany. Next is the Nazi Ministry of Propaganda, which has an agency in Lucerne and which carries on ceaseless activity in the Swiss Press, theatre, and cinema. Thirdly, there is the *Frei Verein für das Deutschthum in Ausland* (Union for Germans Abroad). Finally the *Gestapo* (Secret Police) is reputed to have at least 500 secret agents in Switzerland. The Swiss newspaper *Die Nation* recently reported from its Lucerne Correspondent that instructions, emanating from Germany, had been found on German engineers employed in certain Swiss factories, in which these engineers were ordered, in the event of the outbreak of war, not to return to Germany. Their task was to remain in Lucerne. The Italians also have their spies in Swiss factories. In 1935 a new model machine-gun which was stolen from the Swiss arms factory at Soleure re-appeared in large quantities in Abyssinia as one of the weapons of Italian attack.

The Rome Government is now pushing forward with energy the organization of an Italian *irredenta* in Italian Switzerland, but it appears to have as little prospect of success as the earlier Italian movement which in 1934 proclaimed the Fascist march on Bellinzona, capital of Italian Switzerland. This was intended to be "Switzerland's March on Rome". But despite the presence of 150 Italian Fascists who had come over especially from Italy, the march collapsed. Its leader Rossi got so far as to shout *Avanti* in Bellinzona Square and to call on his centurions to seize control. However the anti-fascists proved stronger and dismantled the centurions.

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The Rome-Berlin Axis does not depend solely on its own nationals for the success of its expansionist campaign. There are few European countries without a racial minority and few racial minorities without a grievance, real or imaginary. It is the deliberate policy of the Rome-Berlin Axis to stimulate those grievances and to support minority claims in all countries which stand in the way of Axis expansion.

This *divide et impera* strategy has inspired Germany's policy

towards Czecho-Slovakia since Munich. The Nazi Government, and not merely Nazi extremists, deliberately fomented, financed and armed the Separatist parties who set up as representatives of the Slovak and Ruthenian peoples. Slovakian irredentism was organized from Vienna. In the recent crisis not only were the displaced separatist Slovak Ministers openly directing their anti-Czech activities from Germany itself—with the active help of Dr. Seyss-Inquart, the Governor of Austria, who played such a conspicuous part in the annexation of Austria exactly a year ago—but also on the Danube quay at Bratislava German arms were being openly landed for the German minority and for the Hlinka Guards.

Ruthenia is intended by the Nazis to play a far more important rôle than Slovakia. Herr Hitler wrote in *Mein Kampf*—and his actions and speeches, particularly since the seizure of Austria, have shown that all he wrote in *Mein Kampf* must be taken seriously :

“ When we talk today in Europe of new land and soil we can only think, in the first place, of Russia and the subject States on her borders ”.

Ruthenia (which the Nazis have insisted on being called “ Carpathian Ukraine ”) is to be the spearhead of this eastward drive. Immediately after Munich the Nazi Party launched a movement for the inauguration of an independent Ukrainian state to include Ruthenia, as well as extensive regions of Poland, Soviet Russia and Rumania. Stalin referred recently to this Nazi ambition “ to annex that elephant the Soviet Ukraine to that beetle the so-called Carpathian Ukraine ”. There is evidence that the Nazis attach great importance to this plan. In Berlin a “ Confidential Ukrainian Bureau ” has been opened by Dr. Syschko, an officer in the former Ukrainian army. A “ Ukrainian Legion ” has been formed and expects to be 60,000 strong by the end of May of this year. Schools for training Ukrainian agitators and propagandists have also been opened in Germany, and at least one German broadcasting station is at the service of Ukrainian propaganda.

The forty-five million or more Ukrainians are scattered in Soviet Russia (where the overwhelming majority of them live) Poland, Rumania, and Ruthenia. By encouraging the grievances of these Ukrainians, and arming and financing them,

the Nazis hope so to disrupt the Soviet Ukraine, Poland and Rumania as to eliminate all resistance to the *Drang nach Osten*. (Nazi nationalist propaganda, of course, is not confined to Europe. An elaborate Pan-Arab organization has its headquarters on the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin and has ample funds at its disposal. In the Near East, the Nazis have set up two main propaganda centres. The one in Baghdad covers Iraq, Syria, and Lebanon. The other in Cairo directs Nazi work in Egypt, Sudan, Transjordan, and Palestine).

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Anti-Bolshevism has proved to be another effective camouflage. Whereas in 1914 opposition to the idea of the "master race" and the German plan for world power was on the whole solid, contemporary German racial Imperialism has unwitting supporters in all countries as a result of the subtle Nazi use of the conflict between capital and labour. The Nazis calculate that democratic capitalists prefer to abandon democracy rather than permit the overthrow of capitalism. The more obtrusive representatives of this "Fifth Column" are the indigenous Fascist parties—the "Iron Guard" in Rumania, the "Hlinka Guard" in Slovakia, the "Cagoulards" in France, the Nazi Party in Holland, and Denmark, the "Rexist" and "Dinasos" in Belgium, the "Lappo" movement in Finland, and many more. Less obtrusive but more influential than these avowed Fascists are those whom the French have classified as *Cagouls*—men so obsessed by the fear of Bolshevism that they are willing to sacrifice national safety by collaborating with their country's aggressors, rather than run the risk of co-operating with the forces of peace which in some cases—particularly the U.S.S.R.—stand politically on the Left.

To win the support of these reactionary forces, every act of expansion made by the modern aggressors is made by them to appear as a move against Communism. Thus Japan launched her war on China on the grounds that the Nanking Government was "tainted with Communism". Yet for ten years, at the very time when Japan was extending her influence in China, Chiang Kai Shek and his Government were actively fighting the Chinese Red Army in an attempt to destroy Communism in China.

There is a close historical parallel to this ideological camouflage in the Holy Alliance of the nineteenth century. In its original form the Holy Alliance was an innocent and pious declaration made in 1815 by the monarchs of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, who undertook to govern in accordance with Christian principles. It was as harmless a declaration as the Anti-Comintern Pact. Yet within five years the three despots were making concerted efforts to crush all liberal and revolutionary movements in Europe. Revolutions were suppressed by their intervention in Spain and Naples. Professor G. M. Trevelyan has described the methods of coercion that were employed by the nineteenth century dictators. The Bourbon Government, restored by force in Naples in 1821, proceeded, he says,

“to a barbarous persecution of virtue and intellect such as the Holy Alliance was organizing with local variations all over Europe. The dragooning of the German universities, the destruction of the Polish constitution, the police system which put men in prison for possessing a volume of Gibbon or Montesquieu, bade fair to put out the light of Europe’s culture in the course of suppressing her liberties”.

The same threat faces Europe to-day.

The invasion of Manchuria, Abyssinia and Spain is clear evidence that war is also available as an extension of the technique analysed above. Has not Herr Hitler himself declared that an alliance whose object is not a future war is senseless and useless? And when war is waged, it is not only without formal declaration, but in the teeth of protestations of peace.

THE SPIRIT OF SWITZERLAND IN 1939

BY ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

TO no onlooker country can the recent events have been more immediately and profoundly shocking than to Switzerland. Herr Hitler's seizure of Austria provided in itself an uncomfortable precedent. From a military point of view Switzerland became more vulnerable when the Vorarlberg was annexed by the Reich. In August Lord Runciman was sent to Czechoslovakia in order to press upon the Czechs plans for their Swissification. But, in September, Herr Hitler made short shrift of such projects, condemned the conception of a multi-national state, and proceeded to break up the Czechoslovak Republic with the helpless consent of Great Britain and France, and in spite of French treaty obligations. The British Government spoke of guaranteeing the newly projected frontier of the Czechs and the Slovaks, and then sat back while Germany, Poland and Hungary reduced them *ad absurdum*. It could but be supposed that the internationally guaranteed neutrality of Switzerland might at any moment become meaningless. Indeed, in the German *Nationalsozialistische Monatshefte* a campaign was soon begun, according to which Germany claimed to re-interpret the neutrality of the Swiss; in future they were to renounce all public criticism of the totalitarian States and in fact to allow their Press to become part of the Rome-Berlin propaganda machine—a long first step towards annexation and *Gleichschaltung*. The hitherto close economic relationship between Germany and Switzerland was also, according to German theories, to complete the subjection of the Swiss.

In the Nazi view Switzerland is an anachronism and will soon be swept away in the "racial" age in which we live. The Hitler Youth, for example, is taught that the German-speaking three-quarters of Switzerland will inevitably be absorbed by the Nazi Reich, while the French and Italian portions will in all

probability fall away to France and to Italy. It is all the more remarkable that the demoralizing events of 1938-39 and the intimidating presence of the Germans along their extended frontier with Switzerland have neither demoralized nor intimidated the Swiss. On the contrary pro-Nazi, or even pro-German influence, has lost ground. It is not altogether pleasant to speak with a Reich-German accent in Switzerland to-day. Racial ideas seem to have made no progress at all, even among young people of the age which in other countries shows itself particularly susceptible to crude ideologies. Among Swiss officers whose training has often been largely German, and who used to show pro-German sympathies, a change seems to have taken place; Colonel Wille, who was once regarded as the leading pro-German officer, has now expressed himself strongly against the present Reich and has even made gestures towards the Social Democrats.

Immediately after the German annexation of Austria the pro-Nazi "Front" lost all its ten seats on the town council of its stronghold, Zürich. A few pro-Nazi publications have been suppressed, and others show signs of discouragement; their tendency to-day, like that of anxious Nazi propagandists in the United States, is no longer to indulge in unprofitable abuse of democracy, but to concentrate upon anti-Semitism, which, at least, appeals to the medical students of Zürich University. The most notorious pro-Nazi paper in Switzerland at the moment claims to be the organ of the E.S.A.P. or *Eidgenössische Sozialistische Arbeiter Partei* (Federal Socialist Workingmen's Party), but its backers in so far as they are Swiss have lately shown reluctance to continue to throw their money away. It is interesting that no paper in Switzerland, however pro-Nazi, has dared to talk frank Germanic racialism; it has only praised the methods of the Reich.

Clearly, one of Switzerland's most difficult problems is to carry through the reorganization, economic and military, which the circumstances of to-day demand, without sacrificing her federal character and her individualistic quality. The Catholic Conservatives have always been enthusiastically federalistic, partly, no doubt, because they represent the minority religion. It is among them to-day that one hears anxiety expressed

with regard to the various extensions of the activity of the Federal Government. If Switzerland lost her federal character, the federalists point out, the French and Italian-speaking Swiss might begin to develop a minority mentality, while so long as cantonal activity is great this will not occur; some of the cantons are, of course, bi-lingual, *i.e.*, the cantonal and language frontiers do not coincide. While the German-speaking Swiss majority is most keenly alive to the Reich German menace to Switzerland and all that it implies, the French-Swiss are nowadays showing an increasing solidarity with the German-Swiss. Until recently influential conservative circles in French Switzerland, those represented by the *Journal de Genève* and the *Gazette de Lausanne*, were not unfriendly towards Nazi Germany, and in the Blum period, seemed far more afraid of France. These people were inclined to regard anti-Nazi feeling as the natural alarm of the "red" towns of Basle and Zürich, and their intense dislike for the Genevan Socialist, M. Nicole, and the French-Swiss Popular Front made them unsympathetic towards the democratic anxieties of the cantons closer to Germany. This French-Swiss conservatism now looks with greater suspicion towards Berlin. Among the Italian and Romansch-speaking Swiss there seems, but for very few exceptions, to have been less dissent from the German-Swiss point of view all along.

The decentralization of Switzerland even to-day is a remarkable, if delightful, phenomenon. Each canton uses different school text-books, and the school-child grows up to regard himself first as a citizen of the canton of Vaud or of Berne or of the Ticino; Swiss consciousness only comes later. The increase of military organization, which is essential, if even Swiss neutrality is to be at all adequately defended, is automatically a piece of centralization, and it is generally agreed that the economic problems of to-day necessitate an increase of the activity and authority of the Federal Government. The limitation of particularism in certain directions may actually constitute a step towards a more exact democracy. The Social Democrats at the moment are collecting signatures for an initiative which proposes that the Federal Council of Ministers (the Central Government executive) shall in future be elected by the people as a whole, and not, as the constitution at present

lays down, in joint session of the two Houses of Parliament. In the Council of Estates (*Conseil des Etats*) the small conservative cantons are equally represented with the rest, and this gives extra weight to the conservative element in the united Federal Assembly.

The Socialist initiative now being launched was in fact occasioned by the election of the industrialist and financier, Dr. Wetter, to be Minister of Finance last December. There was a widely spread feeling at the time that the Social Democrats should now be represented in the Federal Council, which at present consists of two members of the Catholic Party, one member of the conservative Peasant Party and four Free-thinking Liberals: Dr. Wetter, like his predecessor, belongs to the Free-thinking Party. Along with the proposal for the direct election of Federal Councillors it is now also proposed that their number shall be increased from seven to nine. While the direct-election plan is unlikely to go through, public opinion seems to be in favour of the extension of the Council of executive Ministers. Various meetings of the Free-thinking Liberals have been expressing themselves in favour of this, although the increase is aimed at bringing Socialists into the Federal Council, and the Free-thinking Party is politically opposed to the Socialists. These, together with the Catholic Conservatives, are the three big parties in Swiss political life, the Free-thinkers having 48 members in the National Council and 15 in the Council of Estates, the Socialists 50 and 3, the Catholics 42 and 18, in the two Chambers respectively. Parliamentary elections are due next autumn, together with the election of the whole Federal Council.

The president of this Council is now M. Etter, a Catholic Conservative, whom one may meet any day in Berne waiting at the Government buildings bus-stop when it is time to go home to lunch. M. Motta, President for so many years, has since 1920 been Minister of Foreign Affairs. M. Motta is very much opposed to the idea of bringing the Socialists into the Government coalition, but the feeling of the country as a whole is probably against him. For there is a general feeling that he is too ready to compromise with the dictatorships. The Socialists, and the Young Catholics, who are strong in Lucerne, condemned

his recognition of the Franco *régime* as too hasty, and they regard him as altogether too weak in defending the liberty of the Swiss press. In the newspapers and at meetings protests have been loud. In February, for instance, a Young Catholic railwayman named Abegg denounced M. Motta as an enemy to the League of Nations and a dishonour to Switzerland; Abegg has in consequence been suspended from his job, and M. Motta is to bring a case against him. While many of the Swiss, including a section of the Free-thinking Liberals, feel restive with regard to the policy of the Federal Council, it is not at present true that the Swiss press has ceased to be free. A commission of journalists is responsible for preventing journalistic excess, but it is perfectly possible to publish all items of news and all comments which avoid exaggerated abusiveness. If the reasons for suppressing the *Journal des Nations* last autumn were perhaps not sufficiently clear, it has been seen that some pro-Nazi publications (the *Schweizerdegen* and the *Schweizervolk*) have also been banned.

The economic pressure which Germany is able to exert upon most of her small neighbours seemed at one time to be very considerable in the case of Switzerland. It was not that Switzerland itself, a highly industrialized State, was a particularly good market for German manufactures, nor a source of raw materials, but the Swiss *hôtels* were eager to be on good terms with a country which could offer such enormous numbers of tourists, while Swiss bankers were in the habit of investing large sums of capital in the Reich. Proximity, moreover, caused Switzerland, in fact, to import more from and export more to Germany than any other country. Switzerland's deficit was—hypothetically at least—balanced by the payment of interest upon her investments. Since her devaluation in 1936, however, Switzerland has been able to export more to other countries, while Germany is becoming less and less able to buy. At first French currency weakness and Germany's appetite for mechanical imports useful for armaments concealed this tendency, but it has now become clear. The number of German tourists has greatly declined, but the Germans have been more than replaced by French, by Dutch, and by British visitors. Meanwhile the Swiss have extracted some of their capital from Germany, and, by increasing their exports, are more nearly able to balance their

foreign trade accounts. At present the economic danger provided by Germany is something quite different. Swiss unemployment, in spite of serious and partly successful efforts to reduce it, is still substantial; especially in the Rheintal in the canton of St. Gallen near the old Austrian frontier the lace-makers are in very great distress. When Germany seized Austria attractive rumours of employment for everyone came across from Vorarlberg, and disturbed the loyalty of St. Gallen, but the rumours are less attractive now, and the Swiss authorities are pushing on with relief measures. Germany has another trump card. She is short of skilled labour herself and has brought some hundreds of Swiss watchmakers into South Germany; it remains to be seen how they will react to German conditions and whether a German watch industry of dangerous competitive strength will be established.

Apart from unforeseeable international developments or some machiavellian intrigue, unemployment is Switzerland's most serious weak spot in her relations with Germany. It has been seen that the different racial groups and the different political parties have been drawn into closer co-operation by recent events. In the cantonal elections in Zürich this March, although the two big competitors, Freethinking Liberals and Social Democrats fought a vigorous electoral campaign, the identity of their chief aims for the present was astonishingly exact and could be summed up singly as the defence of the country as it now is. On the very frontier of Swastika-Germany the Free-thinking party's election appeal was headed by a figure with sword and shield guarding the mountains of Switzerland with the legend—*Freisinn* (a free conception of life)—printed beneath it. The special appeal to the young electors included these words. "The most beautiful pages in the history of Swiss civilization are those which tell of readiness to help the persecuted and those who are hungry in body and soul". The Free-thinking Party is regarded by the Left as too rich and conservative, but the Social Democrats might have used the same words.

It is interesting, too, that though it is officially condemned there is a silent boycott in Switzerland against goods from Nazi Germany. In the most exposed towns, Basle and Schaffhausen, there are Social Democrat authorities who watch the activities of

the German railway and customs officials with the greatest care. Youth organizations among students and others have multiplied since the Czech crisis and the Munich surrender, and the big majority of the population is preparing itself against the possibility of a sudden attack. In two years one milliard Swiss francs have been spent upon extra military expenses, the period of military service has been increased, and all men from 20 to 60 have their instructions with regard to mobilization. Meanwhile most of the women students of Zürich, for example, have volunteered for hospital work, etc., and the Swiss towns have rehearsed their air raid black-outs.

Though the Federal Government assumes incredulity towards rumours of a sudden German invasion of Switzerland, with a view to the intimidation of France, the ordinary man is well aware of the danger. Many Swiss people are more afraid of some new Nazi trickery, some-money-or-your-life bargain which might, as in the case of the Czechs, speedily turn their independence into helplessness. Though they probably know that they could not hold the Germans up for long, most of the Swiss long for frank invasion rather than the possible alternatives. Every Swiss man is a soldier with his gun at hand in his home ; if the frontier is touched those guns will be fired, the people swear, whatever *mot d'ordre* they receive. To-day they have reason to hope that France and England may help them, and many are eager to save Europe by their example, even at the cost of a desperate war.

A.R.P. SHELTERS

BY DUNCAN SANDYS, M.P.

THE earlier arrangement under which air-raid precautions was entrusted to the Home Secretary as a kind of minor side-line, was a system which did justice neither to the Minister nor to the job.

A Minister who was preoccupied with piloting current legislation through the House of Commons, with the complex and steadily increasing problems of aliens and refugees, with the responsibility of maintaining public order and all the other hundred and one daily duties of a Home Secretary, could hardly be expected to create, in addition, an effective and nation-wide system of Civil Defence.

A fresh impetus and a new drive in the progress of our air raid precautions became evident immediately after the appointment of Sir John Anderson to his present post, and his recent speech in the House of Commons gave welcome evidence of the advance which had been made. It is not too much to say that a complete revolution has taken place in the Government's attitude towards some of the principal questions which are raised by the complex and elusive problems which have come to be known as A.R.P.

Air attack presents three dangers—gas, fire and high explosive. In the early stages, air precautionary schemes were mainly directed towards countering the menace of gas.

Nothing that was done in that connection has been either unnecessary or superfluous. The danger of a gas attack consists not so much in the casualties which it may inflict as in the panic which it may cause. Gas is an unknown quantity to most people, and something which is unknown is always more frightening than something with which we are familiar. If we are caught unprepared, there is nothing which would be more calculated to create panic than an intensive gas attack. If, on

the other hand, the public have become familiarized with the danger of poison gas, its nature and the means of combating it, and if the necessary personnel has been trained to deal with this menace, then it can practically be eliminated as a serious factor in air raids.

There is every reason to believe that we are now rapidly mastering this aspect of our problem. The distribution of many million of respirators and the other steps which are being taken are in the process of reducing the first of the three great air raid menaces to manageable proportions.

The problem of the incendiary bomb still remains to be solved. The danger to human life by this method of attack is comparatively small. But it is difficult to devise effective means of preventing the thousand and one fires which may be simultaneously started from spreading into a general conflagration. This problem is, however, largely one of manufacturing the necessary fire-fighting equipment and of training personnel. Both are making slow but steady progress. But our main attention must be concentrated upon meeting the third and most formidable of the weapons of air attack—the high explosive bomb. And it is on this subject the greatest controversy has arisen.

Before the recent appointment of Sir John Anderson, the Government's policy had been based on the recommendations laid down in the old Householder's Handbook. It was the policy of the gas-proof "refuge-room". The "refuge-room" was, if possible, to be located in a cellar or basement, but, failing that, any room below the top floor was to be prepared by gumming paper on the windows and stopping up the chimney. Such a policy showed a complete disregard for the realities of the problem.

The refuge-rooms would not, in fact, have protected the civilian population from any of the real dangers of a raid. They would not even have helped to maintain their morale. Indeed, the very reverse would in all probability have been the case. During peacetime, a certain comfortable sense of security would no doubt have been experienced. But, in the event of war, the first bomb that fell would have shattered the whole of this

“sticky paper” policy, and in addition, the confidence of the public in the Government would have been seriously shaken. For when their windows were blown in, sticky paper and all, the people would have felt that they had been deceived, and their indignation would have been very great indeed.

The effect of an air-raid on the nerves of the population is bad enough. But when on top of ordinary fear you add a legitimate sense of public grievance, you have all the makings of a very ugly situation.

By far the most important thing which Sir John Anderson has done since his appointment to office is to scrap the old refuge-room policy of the Householder's Handbook, and to substitute for it the very real protection of what has become known as the Anderson steel shelter and the reinforced basement.

It is most regrettable that a campaign is now being conducted on the platform and in the Press against these shelters. Nobody suggests that they are capable of resisting a direct hit, but any fair-minded person must recognize that they do afford an extremely high degree of protection against blast, splinters and falling masonry.

To provide a hundred per cent protection for the entire population against the danger of high explosive is almost impossible. We have got to accept that fact, unpleasant and ugly though it is. Like the soldiers at the front, so also will the civilians in any future war inevitably suffer heavy casualties.

Experience in Barcelona has shown that if no protection is available, people may be killed by concussion, splinters, collapsing ceilings, falling walls, flying furniture and similar dangers at distances of a hundred yards and more from the place where the bomb falls. But the number of casualties can be immeasurably reduced if they can be limited to the relatively small area which is affected by a “direct hit”. To reduce this area to a minimum must, in fact, be the principal object of our efforts.

There are three essential requirements for an air raid shelter. The first is that it must be easily accessible, that is to say, it must be close to the factory or to the home of the people for whom protection is intended. In the second place it must be so designed as to avert panic both inside and outside. It must,

therefore, either be small, or, if it is to accommodate a large number of people, then it must be sub-divided and externally approachable by a number of separate entrances. The third essential is that it must provide the greatest possible degree of protection. Now the new Anderson steel shelter satisfies the first and second of these requirements completely. It is very close at hand—in the back yard—and obviously there can be no danger of panic whatsoever. As regard the third point, there is very nearly complete safety from anything short of a direct hit, or of a bomb which falls so close as to be rated as a virtual direct hit.

The critics of the Anderson plan raise the demand for “deep shelters for all”. If we were devising a theoretically ideal shelter the type we should probably choose would be the continuous deep bomb-proof tunnel running along all our streets, to which access could be obtained by entrances at frequent intervals on the pavements. But it is obvious that, from an engineering as well as from a financial standpoint, such a scheme is not a practical proposition. The alternative, which is presumably envisaged, is a widespread development of large bomb-proof refuges of the type which has recently been proposed by the Borough of Finsbury, and which has received so much attention in the press.

There is, beyond question, the need for such “stronghold” shelter in a number of special cases. Apart from the problem of large shelters at certain points for persons caught in the streets, effective protection against even a direct hit by a large bomb is required for officials working in vital “nerve centres”, such as essential Government offices, A.R.P. Control posts, operating theatres, and, if possible, first-aid and casualty clearing stations as well. In addition, there are certain factories, power stations, docks and other concerns of national importance which an enemy might think it worth while to single out for specific attack, and which, therefore, require a correspondingly high degree of protection.

These should be listed as “Target Areas”. Plans should be made for the evacuation from these districts of all residents in case of emergency, whilst deep shelters should be provided for those who will be required to carry on their work in these

factories. The plans would also, of course, have to make provision for rehousing these workers as near as possible outside the danger area.

In very exceptional circumstances, moreover, certain areas in which the population is very densely crowded and the houses are of especially poor construction, might also have to be treated as "Target Areas". That is to say, the inhabitants would either have to be evacuated or provided with stronghold shelter accommodation.

For the general mass of the population, however, the idea of the large, completely bomb-proof shelter must be rejected. It is not for reasons of economy. If it were necessary the money should be found. Nor is it even on the grounds of the urgency of the situation and the shortness of time. The decisive test is efficiency. And on consideration it will be seen that large deep shelters do not satisfy either of the first two essential requirements referred to above. In the first place, they cannot be sufficiently close for a very big proportion of the people for whose protection they are intended. It is obvious that if the shelter is going to accommodate several thousands of people, the area from which these people would be drawn must necessarily be a large one, and therefore the distance which many of them would have to come would be correspondingly long. In the second place, the large bomb-proof shelter presents a serious danger of congestion and panic.

The importance of these two points cannot be too strongly emphasized. It is absolutely essential, if a shelter is to be effective that it be close at hand. Under war conditions people will very rapidly become hardened and casual. They will disregard even the gravest dangers. If air raids are frequent, as there is every reason to suppose that they will be, a large proportion of the public will become more and more reluctant to go even a few hundred yards to a shelter, especially at night-time. It is probable that even with the new steel shelters there will be many people who may prefer to take the risk of being bombed in their beds rather than have to get up and go out into the cold and darkness of the shelters close by in their back yards. Due weight must be given to such personal considerations in any discussion of our A.R.P. policy.

The second objection, however, is the one which will arouse the greatest misgiving. The indiscriminate extension of large shelters might well give rise to the most serious dangers. It has been proposed that some of these mass refuges should accommodate up to 12,000 people. Shelters on such a scale are bound to create grave risks of congestion and confusion at the entrances as well as in the streets leading up to those entrances. And once inside the danger of panic would be appalling. One can imagine oneself standing on the vast spiral ramp of one of these Finsbury shelters somewhere half way down, with 6,000 people below one and another 6,000 people above—a sea of human bodies all round. It is not a pleasant thought. A very few cases of claustrophobia might easily stampede the whole 12,000. One catastrophe of that kind, and no one would ever again dare to go into one of these mass shelters.

For these reasons, even if there were unlimited money and unlimited time, there is little to recommend a policy of large bomb-proof refuges for the whole of the population in vulnerable areas. What is more, unlimited money is not available. In 1936 A.R.P. was still an unfamiliar subject. In 1937 £3,000,000 were allocated for the first tentative developments. By 1938 this had increased to £9½ million. The estimates for the current year make provision for an expenditure of no less than £42 million. In addition to this, the local authorities will raise a sum amounting to about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the total contributed by the State.

These figures give some picture of the rapid and extensive growth of expenditure on A.R.P. that cannot be overlooked. Although Parliament is growing accustomed to voting sums amounting to hundreds of millions of pounds for defence, the financial resources and credit of even this country are not limitless. There is no room for waste. As for the question of time, that is certainly not unlimited either. The international situation is deteriorating from day to day. We cannot possibly tell how soon we may not require to use the shelters which we are now preparing. The knowledge that deep shelters had been planned would be no comfort. The emergency we fear may well overtake us long before any such schemes could be completed.

If we are to have any sense of security we need shelters now—not in a year or eighteen months time.

The aim of our A.R.P. policy must clearly be to provide the greatest protection for the greatest number in the shortest possible time. The new steel household shelter may not be the very best form of protection which could be devised in any circumstances. But under present conditions, the Anderson scheme does, with very little delay, offer a reasonable degree of security to a very large proportion of our population.

The development of these plans, moreover, may have a wider effect than merely to increase the preparedness of this country for war. It may materially improve the prospects of peace. The distribution and erection of these steel shelters will make a very profound impression abroad—more perhaps than the production of many guns and aeroplanes. It will demonstrate to other countries the resolute and stout-hearted attitude of the mind of our people. It will show that the British nation is not a nation whose nerves it would be easy to shake. It will show, moreover—and it needs showing now before it is too late—that there is a limit to the price which even the British people are prepared to pay for peace. Every family who erect one of these shelters in their back garden or back-yard will, far more effectively than any speech by any Cabinet Minister, be demonstrating to the world that, if all our efforts at conciliation should finally fail, the British people, rather than sacrifice the freedom which is their birthright, are in the last resort ready and resolved to face the grim ordeal of war with calm determination.

UNDEMOCRATIC VISTAS

BY D. W. BROGAN

IN these days of scientific testing it is no longer, I assume, customary to demand of the citizen charged with "having drink taken", as they put it in Ireland, to clear or condemn himself by the degree of conviction or clarity with which he pronounces the magic formula "British Constitution". Which thing is an allegory, for the sacred constitution itself shows signs of deviation from the customary path of sober adherence to the canons laid down by Bagehot, and it is no longer easy to steer a course along the chalked line of propriety and precedent marked out by such sign-posts as Cabinet responsibility and popular mandate. We still use the traditional language as if we were living in the age of Salisbury or Campbell-Bannerman, but the fictions are increasingly fictitious, if only because the admirable art of doing one thing with an air of doing something quite different—and much more conventionally correct—comes naturally to Lord Baldwin, but with the greatest difficulty to his less bland successor. In politics, as in the kindred art of conjuring, the trick is to distract the audience with really irrelevant patter while the rabbit is slipped into the hat. To achieve this end the late Prime Minister seemed hardly to need to try; whether he was acting the plain blunt man or indulging in graceful Virgilian lamentations there was hardly a dry eye in the house, and wet eyes are not very good for seeing with. But Mr. Chamberlain is neither given to tears nor even manly sobs in the throat himself, nor is he productive of them in others. He has no place for the *lacrimæ rerum* and, in the comparatively dry light that beats on him, it is beginning to be seen, even by the casual spectator, that something very odd has been happening to that revered collection of rules of political good conduct, the British Constitution.

In the Bagehotian picture, the House of Commons is sovereign.

Chosen by the electors not merely for adherence to a political party but for their own sterling merits, Members of Parliament are watchdogs, holding the government to strict accountability for its promised programme, and, as no political situation is wholly static, in every shift of policy or practice imposed on the Government, the House watches, approves with or without conditions, or if it disapproves, turns out the Government. When Bagehot wrote, the picture had its plausibility. Between the resignation of Sir Robert Peel in 1846 and the triumph of Gladstone in 1868, there was no fixed party majority in the House of Commons. Weak Governments got along through the tolerance of their opponents; while a strong Government like that of Palmerston, came a cropper shortly after great triumphs at the polls when he misjudged the temper of the House. Gladstone could vote for the Government in the division that overthrew the Derby administration and become a leading member of the new Cabinet without exciting much more surprise than usual! In those days, the House of Commons did control the Government, at least in the French sense of the word control. It watched and warned. But it has long been recognized that those days are past. No Government with a regular party majority has been defeated since 1886, and even that is not a true parallel since, with the Irish added, the Conservatives tied with the Liberals. Yet in America wishful-thinkers, who are so numerous in the best circles, sigh after the long-dead English system! When the Administration Reorganization bill was defeated a year ago there was a chorus of comment that, had this occurred in England, Mr. Roosevelt would have had to resign—comment which ignored the fact that, had the division taken place in England, Mr. Roosevelt would not have been defeated, for Mr. Roosevelt would have been Prime Minister—and that officer has rapidly developed into somebody more sacred than a King of England or a President of the United States. He, unlike they, can while in office do no wrong, politically speaking, that is. No sanction will be imposed on him by his faithful Commons, no matter what he does, and the task of approving or condemning his conduct is the exclusive right of the electorate. In short, the Prime Minister has developed into a kind of plebiscitary monarch, elected for a period of about five years and, provided

he has the physical and mental stamina to last out, he is entitled to impose his policy on the Cabinet and on Parliament. Being a human being he is, of course, open to influence; to Press campaigns, to party feeling, to all our hopes and fears. But like the dealer in the western faro game who was seen to be cheating by the tenderfoot, he has his right to do wrong. "It's his deal".

In an organized two-party system, with each party provided with a recognized leader, it is inevitable that a general election shall, among other things, designate a Prime Minister. What is novel, as the situation presents itself to-day, is the easy assumption by the Prime Minister of a position much more like that of an American President than of a parliamentary leader of a group of parliamentary leaders. As *The Times* rightly pointed out, the *Führer* principle is well on the way to being domesticated in England without the tiresome bother of a revolution.

There is, in these troubled days, much to be said for the concentration of authority and responsibility in some easily identifiable man or group. Although the French political system has many more merits than it is admitted to have in Britain, it does sin deeply and, perhaps, mortally in its almost complete failure to provide for responsibility and for authority. Because no one can do anything really important without the active or passive consent of several different groups of politicians and officials, it is not only rare to find anything done quickly and decisively in France, but, if it is done it is impossible to discover who did it. If it comes off, it was done by everybody; if it does not come off, by nobody. In quiet times this does not matter very much—except to the moralist, but these are not quiet times. In the British system there cannot be or, at least, need not be such evasion. Power is concentrated effectively in a small group or in one man. They, or he, can—if they will; they cannot plausibly plead impotence to excuse their failures. A governmental system which is excellently organized and disciplined, a people which, if not docile, is at least reverential—these instruments of action are in the hands of the few men or the one man whom our system puts in power. Increasingly, as has been suggested, that power has been put in one man's hands. His is the power, his should be the responsibility. But there's

the rub ; there is the concentration of power but not the localization of responsibility. For it has become increasingly evident that the old methods of fixing responsibility and of exercising control are in decay, and no new methods have been as yet found to replace them.

The failure to fix responsibility has been very clearly demonstrated in the last few years. The old story of Melbourne telling his cabinet that it didn't matter what they said but they must all say the same thing, involved the corollary that when they had all resolved to say the same thing, they were all equally responsible for it. This view of collective responsibility seems to be rapidly decaying. We have, for instance, been treated to the spectacle of Lord Londonderry telling us how he disagreed with the policy pursued towards Germany, showing himself a severe critic of the lack of foresight, coherence and generosity in the British official attitude to Germany in the years before Munich. It will hardly be denied that Anglo-German relations were of primary importance in British policy or that the best will and intelligence of the Cabinet ought to have been directed to their consideration and that, if the policy of the Government was as short-sighted as Lord Londonderry suggests, the fault was grievous. But Lord Londonderry was a member of that Government ; as far as is known, his retirement from the Cabinet was not due to his conviction of his colleagues' sin in this connection. In earlier days, one would have expected him to have resigned or, if for any reason, he did not think fit to do so, to accept his share of the responsibility. No doubt in minor matters disagreement, even acute disagreement, need not lead to resignation : we do not want a Gladstonian standard of propriety in these matters. But foreign policy, especially in relation to Germany, has been the great issue of our time.

Lord Londonderry is not the only sinner. The policy of applying sanctions to Italy was undertaken by a Cabinet of which Mr. Chamberlain was the second-in-command ; it was ratified at a general election from which Mr. Chamberlain benefited, both by his own easy election and by the election of a large part of his present following. That policy failed, but its authors seem to have forgotten that they were responsible for it and, when their present policy is criticized, assume with

great ease and obvious sincerity an air of superior wisdom and experience, which would perhaps have become Bismarck or Richelieu at the height of their careers, but may well seem odd to the spectator who remembers that the "midsummer madness" was shared by a name-sake of the present Prime Minister. On his death-bed, Louis XIV. made some amends for his political sins by confessing them. Mr. Chamberlain's present policy and attitude will be better justified when he admits that he has been very badly wrong in the recent past, but that it has been a lesson to him.

The oddest example of this decay of any sense of responsibility is the repeated plea that the deplorable and disgraceful state of our defences last autumn was the fault of the Opposition. The National Government has been in power a year and a half longer than Herr Hitler. Starting from scratch, Herr Hitler has built up the formidable power before which Europe stands appalled. During that time the British Government has, despite repeated promises and stout assertions, allowed our defences to become scandalously inadequate. The defence is that the Opposition prevented successful re-armament! This seems to be the only thing that the Opposition can do. Weak beyond precedent; unable to persuade its own supporters that it has any chance of victory; not able to persuade everybody that it wants victory it was yet able to prevent an overwhelmingly strong Government, mainly based on the support of the professionally patriotic party, from doing what it knew it should do. Even if all this were true, it would only clear the Government of a complete lack of ability by convicting it of a complete lack of character. But this story is widely accepted; otherwise intelligent persons, who were deeply distressed by the reported deficiencies of the fleet in the autumn of 1935 and of the army and air force in the autumn of 1938, but whose party loyalty will not allow them to censure either Lord Baldwin or Mr. Chamberlain, blame it all on the Opposition. How strong a Government would have to be before it dared to do what is right in its own eyes is a matter for pleasant speculation. Perhaps the 99% support given to Herr Hitler would be adequate—yet one is not quite sure! There seems danger, then, of the complete disappearance of the doctrine of responsibility, for if

neither individual members of a Government are responsible for the actions of the Government of which they remain a part, and if the Government as a whole is excused from doing what it saw to be its duty because the Opposition might not like it, where is responsibility to be found ?

In normal times (a phrase that now has come to mean any time in the past whose main characteristics seem very unlikely to recur in the future), the sanction for such conduct would be the displeasure of the electorate. But that is not to be feared. Fortunately for the Government, the elector is not given the chance to blackball both sides ; he must either abstain from voting or vote for that one of the candidates whom he dislikes least. A suggestion made some years ago by a kinsman of mine that there ought to be a Banquo's Ghost system to balance the Chiltern Hundreds, whereby the majority of electors in any constituency could vote against *all* candidates and thus publicly and willingly disfranchise themselves for the duration of a parliament, has a lot to be said for it, but it will not be adopted. The elector must then choose between two official candidates, usually between Labour and National. He has preferred to vote National for the last seven years—and seems likely to continue to do so. He may not like the performances of the National Government but he does not like the promises of their opponents any more. His vote is often less one of confidence in the Government, than of complete no-confidence in the Opposition. This is not the place to go into the reasons for this state of affairs ; it is enough to note its consequences. The Prime Minister need not fear defeat at the polls even though the platform on which his party has triumphed has been completely abandoned, and the country has, by the skin of its teeth, escaped dreadful perils into which its rulers brought it, ill-prepared to face the consequences and from which deliverance has been only achieved at considerable cost in pride and confidence.

It is at this stage that certain admirable or at any rate tolerable features of the old English political system begin to seem less admirable or tolerable in the new context. Confronted with the American or French party systems, the British observer is irritated at the excessive absence of logic in the American and the excessive presence of it in the French. The American

primary is the necessary complement of a system in which party lines have no intellectual justification, as the French second ballot is of a system in which they have little else. In the primary, the American elector, bound by the chains of tradition to vote only for one party, is given a chance at a preliminary election regulated by law to choose the standard-bearer of the party in the local district, and, as the party has no real doctrinal character, the voter in choosing the candidate may also often be expressing a preference for a policy. In France, where the elector wishes to vote at least once on doctrinal or sentimental lines, he can do so at the first ballot and then, on the second, express a preference for one of two candidates representing two general attitudes to public affairs. In Great Britain in the good old days, neither device, it could reasonably be held, was necessary. All over the country, two parties and two parties only stood opposed. And these two parties said "yes" or "no" to a number of questions which aroused general interest in the electorate. The list of issues was necessarily artificial, and the accumulation of one set on one side and another on the other side produced conjunctions of policies not very easy to justify to a pedantically-minded logician. But an identifiable programme and an identifiable personnel was offered to the country to take or leave; if it was taken the country knew what to expect, Asquith and Lloyd George, abolition of the Lords' veto, Home Rule, Social Reform, etc. The apparently incurable feebleness of the Opposition to-day means that the country is, in fact, only offered a bogus alternative. It has firmly refused to be won over to 'Socialism in our time' or at all. The Labour party is in the position of a suitor who, as is reported of Stendhal, imagines that the loved one is really captivated but by some cunning device of the enemy is kept from telling her love. Or, on the unkind view, the coldness of the voter to the Labour party's suit is not altogether distasteful to the party which finds the rôle of Don Juan at the balcony more attractive than that of Don Juan in bed. Whatever the explanation, over a great part of the country, the voter has no hope of unseating the sitting National members or does not wish to. However discontented he may be with his member or the Government he has no choice in the matter or thinks he has none.

In these circumstances, the methods whereby the candidates of the dominant party are chosen are of great importance. Unless the methods used result in electing a Parliament with a high proportion of men of intelligence and of independent judgment it cannot be a check on the autocracy of the Prime Minister whose general political responsibility, as I have suggested, has been whittled away, by the absence of an alternative Government and by the rapid decline in a sense of individual and collective responsibility which has accompanied and has, in part, at least been caused by the decline of the Opposition. If, in Parliament or the party caucus, there is not a substantial body of independent voters, the Prime Minister is freed from all but the shackles imposed by his conscience and intelligence, and if we can always rely on a British politician's conscience being on the job we admit—we even boast—that we can't always say the same for his intelligence.

Now it has only lately begun to dawn on the intelligent spectator of English politics that, over a century after the great Reform Bill, there are still a good many seats in Parliament open to the highest bidder or, at least, to any opulent Nabob, with the minimum legal qualifications, who can provide the large sums of money demanded by those constituencies where expenses seem in inverse proportion to the risk of the Conservative party's losing the seat. It is to the credit of the *Evening Standard* that for years past it has cast light on this good old eighteenth-century system, but light is not enough. When Americans first hear of this method of providing members for the Mother of Parliaments, their first naïve reaction is to say "but that's graft". This, of course, is an absurdly harsh judgment, but, leaving morals apart, one may wonder whether it is quite healthy that so many members should have as their main qualification a cheque book and the *congé d'élire* issued by the Central Office. In the days of effective rival parties, parties equally balanced with defined programmes, it may not have mattered much how the brute voters who followed their leaders through the lobbies were recruited. But it matters to-day. After the disillusionment of 1935-6 it can hardly be maintained that modern Governments regard themselves as closely bound by their electoral programmes. Indeed, as these programmes

largely concern foreign affairs, it may be argued that it is necessary that they should not, that the only commission the country can prudently give a government at an election is the *caveant consules* of Roman custom. If they take care that no harm befall the Republic, all will be forgiven them.

Earlier it has been suggested that our modern consuls are blandly unwilling to take responsibility for any untoward happenings. But there is more in it than that. The Roman people knew what they were getting. We don't. For, as an election becomes more and more a plebiscite on the name of a future Prime Minister, and as the winner can, if he wishes, take all effective power into his hands, it is surely worth noting that the winner may retire from office, as Lord Baldwin did, leaving his power to another man of whom the electorate may know little. Within the narrow circle of National party leaders, subject only to the check of the possible revolt of a rank-and-file of which a large part is recruited on a cash basis, the choice of the future quasi-dictator is made. Once in office, his decisions are of such great importance and his mistakes are so irreparable that the pressure on the Press, the wireless, the public speaker, on 'nice people' generally, not to say anything that may upset the apple-cart is great and is increasing. 'Don't shoot the pianist, he's doing his best', is a kindly motto but not a democratic one, yet in more reverential forms it is being preached every day. So the long road ends, the electorate, parliament, the Cabinet, see more and more of their power passing into the hands of a man only answerable to his conscience and whose power for good or ill is so great that he seems to have a claim, like a great surgeon, to reverential silence until the operation is over. But in a democracy the spectator is also the patient, and if he is not to be allowed a word, wherein does he differ from the citizen of the totalitarian State? The Italian, the German, the Russian may all be forced to act as if they believed that their leaders are always right. We are allowed the luxury of thinking that he may be wrong, but we have no means of saying so until the collapse of the patient makes it obvious even to the operator. But then the operator is not responsible! The fault is with the timid spectator in the back row who coughed at the critical moment, or with the unknown forces which compelled the

great man to undertake an operation to which he strongly objected. Having earned our confidence by his hearty condemnation of an absurd experiment in which he had been a deeply disapproving if silent partner, he appeals for complete confidence in an entirely different treatment. And if that fails, the anæsthetist takes over with equal confidence while his predecessor retires full of honour and entitled to the national gratitude. Democracy is surely, at least, the power to say "No, we have had enough of that", the power to note that certain policies have not turned out well either because they were bad in themselves or because they were ill-executed.

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There is one last danger that must be briefly referred to. Just as the real or alleged excessive devotion of some great newspapers to decorum and the avoidance of night starvation among their readers has created a market for the news-letter, despair of making Parliament at all responsive to its feelings may drive a great part of the public into thinking and acting along unparliamentary lines. Nothing should be easier than for the leaders of the present Conservative party to realize this danger, for was there not the Ulster campaign? Given the present electoral system, Parliament is bound grossly to exaggerate the weight of opinion behind the Government. The support it receives may be more negative than positive. But positive action is to-day constantly called for, and the Prime Minister no matter who he is, may suddenly find, in a great crisis, that he has seriously weakened the nation by offending forces and feelings inadequately represented in Parliament either among his supporters or his formal opponents. In every country, even in a country with universal suffrage, there is danger of a divergence between the "*pays légal*" and the "*pays réel*". A failure to remember this important distinction and a readiness to take as final the results produced by a highly artificial political system ended in ignominy the reign of that very astute monarch, Louis-Philippe. He, it may be remembered, was often to be seen carrying an umbrella, and the only newspaper he ever read was *The Times*.

THE VIKING

BY ALBERT JAROSY

HE was shown into my studio one afternoon in March of last year. Tall, fair, with the shoulders of a wrestler, he greeted me with the winning smile of the man who need have no hesitation about exhibiting his entire set of teeth.

He had heard about me, and had come straight along. No sherry for him, thank you. He never drank alcohol ; but might he have a glass of milk ? And he laughed like a mountain giant in the springtime, lighted his pipe and settled himself comfortably in his chair. This was the third week of his holiday trip ; he was longing to get home again, he said.

When he heard that I never had been to Norway, his looks expressed the profoundest pity. How incredible—never in *Norge* ! And he launched out into a description that fascinated me. The sea, the fjords, the majestic landscape and the endless solitude ! And then the old-fashioned towns with their patricians, merchants and seamen ; the life of the harbours ! A paradise, peopled by women with inscrutable souls, that I must read about in Ibsen, and by nature-worshippers, who went wandering all over the world.

It sounded like the Suites of old Grieg and the boisterous music of Sinding. The Viking began talking of music. Where he came from, musicians had a glorious time. The State, sir, saw to their well-being, they were pampered !

Lucky Norwegians ! thought I. They loved Nordic goddesses, and if by chance they had no money, the State came to the rescue. A paradise in truth ! The Viking knocked out his pipe, looked at the clock and declared he was enjoying himself so much that he had forgotten the time. But before he left he would like to discuss a matter of importance with me. The main object of his journey was to engage a musician of note who could conduct the Opera in his native town. He was convinced that

I was the right man, and if I was prepared to leave Paris. . . . The terms he mentioned exceeded my boldest expectations.

"Think the thing over, and wire me your decision. I shall be at home in two days time".

When he had left the studio, I wondered whether the Viking were not the creature of a dream. But he wasn't. One morning there came a letter from him, the note-paper headed with the inscription "Norwegian National Theatre". My patron wrote that everything was satisfactorily settled. As I was to begin conducting the Opera in the autumn, he suggested I should spend the summer in the country, so as to get accustomed to their ways—as his guest, needless to say.

Three weeks later I took the boat at Rotterdam. My first considerable sea-trip! Glorious! And quite new people, nordic men and women, all unaware that I should soon be active in their midst. We entered the harbour late in the afternoon of the following day. What a picture! The town, surrounded by hills, the warehouses on the quay, the churches, silhouetted against the delicate tones of the sky . . . and the sudden, spontaneous chorus of the passengers, who for sheer joy at seeing their native land again were singing "*Ja, vi elsker dette land*".

The boat drew alongside. I looked in vain for the Viking. Had he not received my telegram? A taxi conveyed me over the bumpy macadam of the harbour quarter with its old-fashioned houses and narrow streets. But ere long the picture changed. Tall buildings in the latest style seemed planted haphazard about the town; even the hotel at which we drew up suffered from megalomania.

Having introduced myself to the proprietor as the future conductor of the Opera. I enquired if he knew the Viking.

"Who doesn't?" he asked laughing. "But did you say you were going to perform an Opera here?"

"Yes, that is, I'm going to conduct *your* Opera".

"Ours? Did Olaf kid you with *that*?"

"Kid me?"

"I'm sorry, but we *have* no Opera".

"And the National Theatre?"

"Is an old wooden building of the eighteenth century which contains a museum. Olaf is so fantastic!"

He pointed to his forehead. The affair was beginning to look a bit sinister, and I said I must see the Viking at once. The landlord glanced at the clock.

"You won't find him at home now. He's playing the double bass in a pub outside the town. But come into the bar and I'll introduce you to Herr Kalsen; he writes for the evening paper, and will be able to put you wise".

In the dim light of the wainscotted bar several men sat over their port wine. The one in the corner over there was Kalsen. He looked like a skipper, tall, spare, with a cleanshaven face. The landlord introduced us and left us together.

"I don't want to appear indiscreet", said Kalsen, "but would you mind telling me about your relations with Olaf from the beginning?"

I described the Viking's visit, and the way everything had since developed. Kalsen drummed nervously on the table.

"I'm frightfully sorry it should have happened to you of all people", he said, "but there is unfortunately no doubt that Olaf is completely mad. Not only have we no Opera, but we couldn't possibly support one in our little town. How *could* you believe Olaf at sight like that?"

"Why should he deceive me?"

"Because you received him in a friendly way, he liked you and was only too glad to play the part of patron to you. What was to happen afterwards didn't worry him for a moment. And it's because he is really mad—here they say fantastic—that he contrives to be so convincing".

"How can they leave a man like that at liberty?" I cried, beside myself.

"To understand that you must have been born here. Our town is a Christian Ghetto. For generations, always the same families, related, intermarried. Everybody knows everybody, knows what happened in the lifetime of their fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers; and nobody will take upon himself to prosecute a child of the town. Olaf belongs to it as much as the church towers and the old guild-houses. He is the Fool, without whom the townsfolk and the shopkeepers would have nothing to laugh at".

"I feel damned little like laughing myself", I broke in.

"People read Peer Gynt, and think the hero is an imaginary figure. But I could show you a dozen chaps like that, fascinating liars, with demonic powers of conviction, and no interested motive. They invent the maddest things, and why? Because they have gone crazy from solitude, or from the monotony and narrowness of their lives. They go abroad, adopt a *rôle* that they come to believe in themselves, get into trouble, and finally seek refuge in flight, back to their home, where everybody knows them and nothing can happen to them, because nobody holds them responsible".

My head was spinning. I realized that I had been frightfully, desperately stupid.

"He's very gifted, of course", continued Kalsen, "As a boy he sang in the church choir, played dance music; then disappeared, worked as a waiter in America, as a farm labourer in Canada, toured with a jazz band, and God knows what besides. Now he plays the double bass in a little orchestra here, drinks, owes everybody money, and goes on thinking out fresh pranks to play. People say 'That's Olaf all over! What can one do?' Only last year he ordered an organ in London and had it sent direct to our church. You can imagine the faces of our Pastors! And then there were the actors who turned up one day to shoot a Bjoernson film that not a soul knew anything about. And his wedding, to which he invited half the town, and at which the bride was missing. It ended in the guests having to pay for the dinner. I could go on till to-morrow morning telling you of Olaf's tricks, and then not have come to the end".

I could not help smiling, in spite of my lugubrious feelings. What a fellow!

"Will you go with me to Olaf?" I asked. "It might be as well if we met again in the presence of a witness. "Oh, I'll give him something to think about, you'll see!"

We drove through the town and came out on to a wide high-road. On the left, well-kept gardens ran up the side of the hill, on the crest of which a number of imposing villas turned their brightly lighted windows to the road. The car climbed the hill and drew up in front of an inn. Beneath coloured lanterns, enveloped in wreaths of blue smoke, girls and youths were dancing. Everyone was screaming and laughing, drunkards

bawling. A man was hammering on the piano, accompanied by a violinist, an accordion-player and a boy blowing the trumpet. Above them all towered the athletic form of the Viking, tearing at the strings of the double bass.

Just as we sat down the music stopped. Olaf's eyes met mine. He waved to me from a distance, visibly delighted to see me. Then he stood his instrument against the wall, hurried up to us, and before I was aware of it, had wound his tentacles round me.

"How lovely of you to find your way out here! I can't think how I managed to miss you on the landing-stage. Anyway, the great thing is that you're here. Where are you putting up?"

I gave him the name of the hotel.

"Fine. It will only be for two days anyhow. Then we'll go out to my place in the country—and you must come with us, Kalsen! I've just bought a charming country house, you see, in the middle of the fjord, and we can have a really good rest there. My sailing-boat is moored there already. How do you like the idea?"

"What about the Opera?" I asked sharply.

"Oh, the Opera! Splendid! I can see you at the head of the orchestra, . . . the overture to "Carmen" . . .ta, ta, tataaa!"

He sang aloud and conducted in the air. The musicians were re-assembling on the platform.

"You'll stay, won't you? It's only an hour to the big interval, and then we'll drink to your arrival!"

I excused myself on the score of fatigue; Kalsen declared he must get back to his newspaper office.

"You'll see how lovely it is in the country here. We'll go sailing and fishing and perhaps I might bring my *fiancée* along with me, she's an entrancing girl!"

The orchestra began tuning up.

"He's an unfortunate fellow, that pianist", said the Viking compassionately, "no talent, no money, and six children to feed. I suppose you don't happen to have five kroner on you? I should like to give him something, but forgot to get any change. Thank you so much. I'll let you have it back to-morrow".

We left the pub to the strains of a polka.

What now ? I asked myself that evening, when at last I was alone again in my room at the hotel. Should I return by the next boat, and confess to my friends that I had lapped up the babblings of a lunatic—cover myself with ridicule, in fact ? To bring the Viking to justice was out of the question. He was officially mad, and hadn't a bean. I could see no way out, but went on racking my brains, till towards the morning I fell into an uneasy sleep.

It did not last long, for there came a knocking at my door and the Viking entered.

"Had a good rest ?" he cried, "We're off to the sea to-day ! I've sent the orchestra to the devil. Hurry up and dress, Kalsen is waiting downstairs ; I brought him with me straightaway".

He stood there, brimming over with the joy of life, and although nobody had ever got me into such an awful mess, I was incapable of being angry with him. I hurried over my breakfast, and we started off. The car was soon beyond the outskirts of the town. On our right were wooded hills, on our left a narrow strip of sea, now hidden behind rocks, now coming into view again a little widened. The further we went, the more unreal the landscape appeared. It was like a grandiose theatrical *décor*, designed as a background to the figures of the nordic sagas.

The Viking talked unceasingly ; Kalsen smoked his pipe and was all eyes, dazzled with so much beauty.

The car stopped at a turning in the road. We got out, took our suitcases and followed the Viking as he led the way. Far below, amid trees and bushes lay a red-painted house, beside the jetty a slender white yacht, and before us the sea in emerald green. A wide-stretching bay, from whose opposite shore the rocks were reflected in deep blue.

"Isn't that beautiful ?" cried the Viking.

"Wonderful !" I replied.

"Do you regret having experienced such a sight ?"

Was he expecting me to thank him for having swindled me ? We climbed down over the rocks and reached the house, in which Olaf had prepared everything for our reception. On the ground floor lay the dining-room and kitchen. A ladder led

through a trapdoor to the upper floor, consisting of a single room, with three beds placed against each of the side walls. The beds were narrow and short as coffins.

"I can't imagine how he's contrived it", muttered Kalsen. "Only this morning he borrowed ten kroner from me again, and now he's playing host to us".

The Viking was standing in his shirtsleeves before the stove, preparing the lunch. He was in the happiest of moods, roasting chickens, opening countless tins, unpacking an army of bottles. The meal lasted two hours. Olaf talked about the Opera without the least embarrassment, about the new members I should have to engage, and was prepared to help me select the women singers. I was dumbfounded by his impudence.

When we were taking our siesta on the grass after lunch—Kalsen had gone to look at the boat—the Viking said, heaving a great sigh: "You take my advice, my friend, let the Opera and all that rubbish go hang, and stay here! What good will it do you to perform music to our shopkeepers? They don't know the first thing about it; they sit there with their eyes popping out like codfishes. It really isn't worth while; it's a waste of one's best years."

"You thought otherwise in Paris", I couldn't help remarking.

"Paris! How can you compare Paris with our town?"

"No, indeed!" I was forced to confess.

"Do you know what I would suggest to you? We'll stay here, catching fish, cooking for ourselves, inviting a couple of pretty girls now and then, and letting the whole world slide. You won't be dull with me, I can promise you. In the winter we'll go over to the Laplanders. Won't we have a time! Just imagine it: we two, all by ourselves. . . ."

"Didn't you say you had a *fiancée*?"

"Of course, . . . a magnificent creature, but . . . it wouldn't do, . . . no, we couldn't have a woman hanging round our necks. It would be better if I sent her to the devil straight-away, don't you think?"

I agreed with him. What should we do with his girl when we came to the Laplanders? The dilemma made him thoughtful. He shut his eyes, breathed deeply, and after a while I heard him snoring aloud. I went to look for Kalsen.

"A perfect boat", said he, "I wished I knew whom it belonged to". He was in melancholy mood in the presence of the sea and inclined to talk about himself.

"There are parts of this country where people go crazy from solitude, literally frenzied. Sometimes I feel like that myself. I should like to throw everything up and rush away, no matter where, only away! It rains for month on end, a dull, warm rain. In winter it's dark until midday. Nobody is really awake, there is nothing to do but eat, sleep, and write an article on the price of herrings".

We went for a sail in the fjord before supper, the Viking bawling out his songs, Kalsen at the helm, and I in the strangest frame of mind I had ever known, happy to be free of all trammels bound to no time. And later on we sat up for a long while drinking each other's healths, friends who were never to part again.

The following evening Olaf was suddenly obliged to go back to the town, promising to return next day. He did not come. But in his stead a total stranger, who wanted to know if I had decided to buy the house. It turned out that he was the owner of the property, whom Olaf had persuaded that I had come from Paris on purpose to buy a country house in Norway, and he, Olaf, would put the business through. Wouldn't it be a good thing to ask me out there for a couple of days and entertain me so that I might fall in love with the place? The notion seemed a happy one, especially as I was to be induced to buy the boat as well.

That was how the Viking had contrived to play the amiable host! What could we do but laugh at each other? Even the deluded stranger could not bring himself to be angry. He insisted on our regarding ourselves really as his guests, and would not hear of our leaving. So we stayed on with him.

And the Viking? He had found some other idiot by now to lend him money on the transaction of the country house. With this he went off to Sweden, and sent me a postcard saying I must follow him at once, for he had found me a splendid post. He had had an audience of the King, His Majesty wanted to see me, and "everything was O.K.!"

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND WORLD ORDER

BY SIR ALFRED ZIMMERN

THE Imperial Conference has never been a very educative institution, and the record of its proceedings has become more and more jejune. So far from helping the public in different parts of the Commonwealth to understand the obstacles to closer co-operation, compilers of Imperial Conference blue-books seem to consider it their duty to paper over the cracks. This is not only foolish but dangerous, since the cracks remain and may manifest themselves on occasions more critical than an Imperial Conference.

The task of exploring the differences of outlook between Commonwealth members, and revealing them to the public, has therefore been undertaken by others, less bound by the limitations of officialdom; and significantly enough by groups not primarily concerned with the British Empire but with the study of *international* affairs. It was the Institutes of International Affairs in different parts of the Commonwealth which took part in the first Conference on British Commonwealth Relations, held at Toronto in 1933, and it was they again who, on the invitation of the Australian Institute, sent delegates to the second Conference, held in Sydney in the first fortnight of September last, just before the European crisis reached its height. An account of the Sydney Conference has recently been published in a volume* edited by its Recorder, Mr. H. V. Hodson and, though it is less enlightening than would have been a verbatim report of the proceedings, it is, nevertheless, revealing enough to furnish food for thought, not only for students of the British Empire but for all who are thinking seriously over the larger problem of World Order.

In a sense, the Sydney Conference was the first occasion in

**The British Commonwealth and the Future*, edited by H. V. Hodson, Oxford University Press, 1939.

which this new body was brought face to face with the problem of Commonwealth relations in and for itself. Toronto in 1933 was so to speak, a curtain-raiser. The real issues were still masked at that time, in the minds of the majority, by what has proved to be an illusion—the belief that Geneva would provide the driving force and the common foreign policy which the Statute of Westminster had withdrawn from London. Whether, if the policy of this country had taken a different turn in 1935, the *débâcle* of the League system could have been averted one cannot here enquire. That water has flowed under the bridges. The Sydney Conference, at any rate, had to face a changed condition of world affairs, in which there was no visible bulwark of world order. The interest of the Conference scheme lies in its revelation of the attempts that were made to grapple with this new situation. That these attempts were hasty, improvised and confused, testifies to the influence which the League of Nations machinery had, up to quite recently, exerted, upon thinking minds all over the Commonwealth. But the Conference, though it resulted in no agreement—far from it—certainly did much to promote clarification; and clarification, as most Conference members would agree, is the most urgent need at the present moment. Until we think clearly we cannot define our common purpose: and until we can define our common purpose we cannot plan to act together.

The reader of the Sydney Conference volume will find himself constantly carried to and fro between two sets of ideas. The first can be summed up in the watchword of self-determination, the second in that of World Order. The two Wilsonian slogans, reproduced here on the smaller, but still spacious stage of the British Commonwealth! Can they be harmonized and brought within the framework of a higher unity and, if so, *how*?

The Sydney Conference provided no adequate answer to that question. Indeed, it did little more than reveal the nature of the problem. If an attempt is made in these pages to indicate a possible answer, it will be well to begin by analysing the nature of the two forces which thus found themselves at grips in the minds of conference members.

The first has been entitled 'Self-determination'. The word is appropriate because it corresponds to the mood in which the

peoples of all the oversea Dominions—not excepting Eire—approach Commonwealth problems. Within the last generation they have passed through the experience of assuming the full responsibility for their own affairs, *all* of their own affairs. We in this island passed through that experience so long ago that we are apt not to make sufficient allowance for the state of mind which must necessarily accompany it. It is only to be expected that the peoples of the overseas Dominions, at the present moment of their history and political development, should wish first to take stock of their own local conditions, needs and interests and to frame their policies accordingly. The Sydney Conference agenda was framed with this disposition in view. The reader of the Conference volume will find there a most useful up-to-date account of the position as seen from the angles of the individual members of the Commonwealth, including Great Britain.

He will also find, especially if he reads between the lines, a determination to be rid, not only of the constitutional impediments to Dominion independence but also of the colonial habit of mind, of these relics of subservience and deference which certain circles in this country still like to encourage. This is a large subject which can only be touched upon here. But we in this island, with our inherited class-structure, should never forget that democracy in the oversea Dominions, as in the United States, is something very much larger than it is for us here: it is social democracy as well as political democracy. The habits and attitudes of condescension and snobbishness that still survive in this country are a more dangerous disintegrating force than any clash of political or economic interests. The obstinacy with which Dominion statesmen sometimes maintain their standpoint in matters of policy is due, at least in part, to their determination not to yield ground under the pressure of Belgravia and week-end country houses. If we regard the British Labour Party as the expression of a social philosophy rather than of economic interests—and it is thus that foreign observers who know us best, like the late Elie Halévy, have regarded it—then every one of the Dominions (with the possible exception of South Africa) is “Labour” in its sympathies.

Moreover, if we are to be honest, we must admit that in this respect the people of the Dominions are truer than British Conservatives to the ideal of Empire policy as set forth in that classic document, the 1926 report. "Freedom is our life-blood", wrote Lord Balfour. Freedom means much more than a democratic electoral system. Freedom means a spirit of equality and responsibility throughout the community. An inferiority-complex, for instance, is not compatible with freedom in the full sense of the word. Nor is the heavy hand of uncontrolled business interests. How to reconcile capitalism with freedom is as large a problem as how to reconcile communism with freedom. We cannot examine into either of these problems here. But we should, at least, recognize the existence of the former; for it is vital to an understanding of what is in the minds of many of the most active and public-spirited Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders. If we pursue World Order without regard to Freedom—Freedom, as the many different social groups in the Commonwealth understand it—we may find that we are pursuing Tyranny. We shall certainly find that we are losing some of our best associates.

The applications of freedom are manifold, and it has always been part of the British genius to encourage them. One of the most interesting fields for the application of the principle of freedom is the colonial empire. Indeed, the spirit of freedom is the link which binds together the self-governing and the non-self governing subjects of King George VI. This is well illustrated by the fascinating book of reminiscences which Sir Donald Cameron has just given to the world.* Sir Donald's experience and record of service as the chief disciple of Lord Lugard might have led him to write a treatise on African government worthy to be set beside *The Dual Mandate in Tropical Africa*. He has preferred instead to make his appeal to the general public, and it is to be hoped that his book with its vivid pen-pictures of African life and its revelation of the author's heartfelt solicitude for the African people and their inherited institutions will find the multitude of readers that it deserves. It is a liberal education in political science: for it exhibits what is usually called

**My Tanganyika Service and some Nigeria*, by Sir Donald Cameron, G.C.M.G., K.B.E., Governor of Tanganyika 1929-31, Governor of Nigeria 1931-35. Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.

‘indirect rule’, but what Sir Donald Cameron prefers to call ‘the system of Native Administration’, in action. The essence of that system is the association between Law and Freedom. “We have to ascertain in the first instance”, writes Sir Donald, “by careful research the authority which governed the society of each native unit—before we came into the picture and interfered with it—and endeavour to adapt it and work through it as an instrument in the administration of the people concerned”. What is this but another way of saying that our task is to make our authority as alien overlords *lawful* in the traditional English sense of the word? Our ‘interference’ could not but be a disturbance of native custom and authority. It is for us to reknit the severed threads, to bring together in a single constitutional fabric the Power of Britain and the Law of the African peoples.

This general principle is exemplified throughout Sir Donald’s book. One instance of its application is the custom, encouraged by him, of the holding of barazas, or general meetings of a tribe, addressed by the Governor, at which any one is at liberty to ask questions or express his views—a system comparable, *mutatis mutandis*, to that of the general meetings still held in some of the Swiss cantons. “These meetings”, says Sir Donald, in words that might be copied from an expositor of Swiss democracy “afford a significant illustration of our system of native local government in Tanganyika where we built from the bottom, from the common people upwards on a purely democratic basis, in distinction from other countries where the tendency had been to invert the pyramid and build from the top”. Thus is Rousseau’s conception of democracy confuted from the heart of Tropical Africa.

Not all our colonial empire, by any means, is administered “from the common people upwards on a purely democratic basis”. But the system described by Sir Donald Cameron is so clearly in accord with the deepest elements in our own political tradition that, if it is administered in the spirit revealed in his pages, it is bound to strike deeper and deeper roots. Moreover, it has the advantage of knitting together in fruitful association three of the principal Western influences in Africa. the missionaries, the sociologists and the administrators. Thus,

we can hope that the so-called non-self governing colonies will not always remain a weak point in the structure of British freedom. Lord Lugard and his disciples have in fact discovered 'a new road to freedom'.

But it is time to return to the Sydney Conference. What of world-order? What of the lesser but still formidable problem of Commonwealth Unity?

Two results emerge clearly from the Conference report. One is that it is now the general and accepted view, at least among the very representative sections of opinion that found expression in the Conference, that the problem of Commonwealth unity is bound up with the problem of World Order. The days when the greatness of the British Empire made a sufficient appeal by itself are over. Speaker after speaker testified to his belief that the purpose of the Commonwealth was to be found outside it—by its contribution to the peace, order and good government of the wider world. Indeed, this view was so generally put forward that one speaker complained that 'World Order' was being utilized as a soporific! This brings us to the second conclusion which emerged—namely that there was much vagueness and confusion as to *how* the British Commonwealth was to make its contribution to World Order. The reader of the report will be conscious of a sort of hiatus, a yawning gap, between the detailed exposition of the needs and interests of individual Dominions which occupied the first part of the Conference and the much cloudier discussion that followed as to how the Commonwealth as a united whole—which it was assumed to be—could serve the cause of World Order. The will to world order was there: but no one indicated the way. The path of self-determination seemed to end in a blind alley. Yet no one seemed to point to any other.

'No one' is an over-estimate: for Mr. Hodson's book contains one statement of the case for imperial federation, easily recognizable as by the author of *The Commonwealth of God*, Mr. Lionel Curtis. The same argument has now been presented in a different connection and with a different emphasis by an American writer, Mr. Clarence Streit, for many years correspondent of the *New York Times* in Geneva, in a book entitled *Union Now**. Mr. Streit's book is a searching analysis

**Union Now*, by Clarence K. Streit. Jonathan Cape, 10s. 6d.

of the reasons for the failure of the League of Nations as an experiment in co-operation between independent States and a plea for a federal union between the world's fifteen democracies, namely Australia, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Ireland, The Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, The Union of South Africa, the United Kingdom and the United States.

At first sight, this enumeration will probably take the reader's breath away. But let him overcome his critical impulse and get to grips with the argument of the book. Mr. Streit, like Mr. Curtis, has been nourished on the *Federalist* and the other literature of American unionism. Whatever may be thought of the details of Mr. Streit's presentation, such as the apportionment of seats in the Federal Parliament that he has been bold enough to suggest, his fundamental argument is unanswerable. It is that the attainment of a system of World Order depends, not on pacts made between Governments but on a sense of responsibility on the part of the individual citizens of the democratic States. It is this that leads him in his scheme to short-circuit the Governments and to bring about a direct relationship between the citizen and the government of the Democratic Union—the same direct relationship which Mr. Curtis, in his *Civitas Dei*, establishes between the people of the United Kingdom, Australia and New Zealand and the government of his smaller Democratic Union.

The reader may be inclined to consider both these schemes as fantastic. It is important to ask why he should so consider them. Two answers suggest themselves. One is an answer from experience. The League of Nations, which made a less direct and less onerous demand on the ordinary citizen, failed. Why should a Federal Constitution succeed where the Covenant failed? The only reply that can be made to this objection is that necessity is the begetter of new policies. What was unthinkable yesterday may be thinkable and even workable tomorrow, if the democratic peoples have suffered enough for failing to solve the problem otherwise. There is no valid *political* objection to the programme of Democratic Union: indeed in countries, such as France, where intellectual debate on purely political issues is more active than with us, it would

not be surprising if such a policy quickly won very wide support. The far less solidly based policy of European Union rallied a large measure of support in its day, and it was not the bogey of 'sovereignty' but hard political facts which drove it from the political stage.

The real objection to the programme of Democratic Union is in the psychological realm. Admitted that every argument points to a federal system embracing Finns, Frenchmen and New Zealanders in a single political unit, such a system is unworkable because the different peoples do not *feel* that they are fellow-citizens. In other words, the system can only be worked if the outlook of the individual citizen in the fifteen (or any smaller) number of countries can be enlarged until the Englishman, for instance, thinks of Helsingfors and Toulouse as he does of Inverness and Penzance.

Mr. Curtis and Mr. Streit tend to ignore this psychological problem because their main interest is in political mechanics. Yet it is the central problem. And it cannot be solved by the easy assumption that once Federal Union is established (as it might be, in some emergency) its operation will automatically develop a sense of common citizenship. That is to overlook the American Civil War, to forget that after seventy years of Federal Union Robert E. Lee felt himself to be a Virginian first and an American second. This is enough to indicate that Mr. Streit's analysis does not go deep enough.

The real answer to the psychological objection is to be found in the conditions now obtaining in the politically most advanced portion of the globe, the North American Continent, North of the Mexican border. Here, in an area as large as Europe, there has grown up a democratic political system in which the individual citizen feels a direct personal responsibility for the maintenance of order against outside aggression. This area consists nominally of two sovereign States. But, with all respect to their rulers, these States are really local authorities within a single society. The frontier between them has ceased to be thought of as a military frontier. In the relations between the two authorities Power, in the old European sense of the term, has ceased to be of account. And, most important of all, the duty of assistance against aggression *in that area*, is accepted as a matter of course

by every individual American citizen. The dweller in Portland, Maine would spring to arms at an aggression on Portland, Oregon, and the Texan and the Arizonian would respond exactly in the same way in the case of an aggression on Vancouver or Prince Rupert. Compare this with the isolationist attitude of Englishmen, and even of Frenchmen last September towards 'far away' Czechoslovakia.

How has the psychological obstacle to an effective system of mutual protection been overcome?

The answer, surely, is to be found in the nature of the general outlook and actual social conditions of dwellers in the North American continent. Europeans talk of interdependence. North Americans live it in their daily lives. Their society is contemporaneous with the Machine Age which has brought interdependence into being. Thus they have run ahead of us not so much in their political thinking, which is often *doctrinaire* and old-fashioned, as in their whole attitude to public affairs.

From this it follows that, for the larger problem of world order, the lead will come most naturally from North America. It is, psychologically, much easier (this is not to say that it is easy) for North Americans to embrace Britain, France, Switzerland and Scandinavia in their system of order than it is for Europeans, especially Continental Europeans, steeped in the tradition of the Nation-state, to reach the point where North Americans stand to-day. That the European democracies will eventually be forced to do so, is as certain as anything can be in this uncertain world: for the alternative is to forfeit, as we are forfeiting to-day, the benefits that the age of abundance and interdependence can and should be bringing us. All that remains doubtful is whether the isolationism of European democrats will be overcome without the lesson of another European war.

This confident prediction does not by any means imply an acceptance of the federal idea—still less of the actual scheme—outlined by Mr. Streit. What it does imply can be summarily stated:

1. That the problem of world order cannot and will not be left where the failure of Geneva has left it: for until that problem has been solved there can be no lifting of the present

shadow of insecurity and certainly no return to confidence and prosperity.

2. That the problem of world order can only be solved by the free *peoples*, acting together. It cannot be solved by treaties or compacts but only by bringing the responsibility right home to the individual citizen.

3. That this sense of personal obligation must include *at least* the readiness to make any sacrifice that may be needed in order to maintain order against any disturber of the peace.

This is not a new system of Government. It is not even a new system of law. It is simply the old English system of the Hue and Cry which *preceded* and made possible our system of law.

Whether the Hue and Cry system, which the bullying attitude of the Dictators is helping to shape, could function adequately without some federal organization to direct it we need not now discuss. If the will is there the necessary organization will follow. It is the attitude, not the machinery, that is decisive. It is enough to say that the Hue and Cry system is the indispensable basis of *any* kind of World Order and that this basis can only be established by the democratic peoples: for nowhere else is the citizen either trained in a sense of individual political responsibility or free to bring his influence to bear on public affairs when an emergency arises. Dictators cannot co-operate: their temperament prevents it. Nor can their peoples: for their rulers prevent them. Thus Mr. Streit is on impregnable ground when he says (as it is a pity that he was not able to say at Sydney) that the problem of World Order is the problem of closer union between the democracies.

THE WATCH ON THE SPANISH SHORES

BY COMDR. OSWALD FREWEN, R.N.

I HAVE spent the last two years as one of the small band of sea observing officers for Non-Intervention in Spain.

Little seems to be known about us, our activities, objects, or results ; indeed to many of ourselves our activities often appeared to be useless, our objects unattainable, and our results negligible. And yet there was a great deal to be said for the original theory of Non-Intervention. It did prevent a European conflagration, and this, after all, was what it set out to do.

Since neither side in Spain would submit to foreign inspection both land and sea observation presented difficulties. The scheme eventually evolved for us sea watchmen consisted of ten specified ports outside Spain, which should act, as it were, as cab ranks. The observing officers were the cabs, and every merchant ship bound for any port in Spain, whatever her cargo, or even if she had none, was compelled to take one of them. The business of the Chief Administrator in London was to see (among many other bothers) that no cab rank was ever found empty. The simple duty of the Shipmaster was to call at the most convenient of the ten ports, collect an observer, feed and, if possible, berth him, and when the ship finally left Spain set him down at the next nearest cab rank. The duty of the Observer was to observe that the ship carried no contraband and no volunteers. I have often been asked "how could you stop anyone from carrying contraband?" The answer is that I could not, and was not meant to. I was only asked to observe. My duty, if I found contraband on board, was to assume that the captain was unaware of it, and to warn him that if he allowed it to be landed in Spain I would have to report him for an infraction of the laws of his own country, with a view to proceedings being taken against him in his own country's courts.

At the beginning we had another string to our bow, consisting of a virtual naval blockade, by ships of the pro-Franco States off the Government coast, and British or French ships off the Franco coast, with orders and rights to ascertain that no ship passed through without an observer on board.

The bomb dropped so accurately on to the mess deck of the *Deutschland*, however, blew the German and Italian patrols clean off their beats, never to return. The British and French took over the vacated sectors for a while, but in the absence of the pro-Franco ships there was little point in it, and our purely Non-Intervention organization quickly filled the gap by the extraordinarily simple and expenseless expedient of making every observer on board every ship report every other ship present in every Spanish port during his stay in that port. Attempted evasions were so few that they were bound to be spotted. The only counter-move would have been the organization of one port to which might come all contraband, but never an innocent observer-carrying ship. Whether this was done I do not know, and indeed, to be perfectly truthful, I do not know how the bulk of the contraband and volunteers which undoubtedly did enter Spain was passed in. Obviously, the ships which embarked us carried negligible quantities, and those that did were generally reported.

The observers themselves were most certainly honest, and mostly fitted with keen noses and lynx eyes, the more so as for some eighteen months our rules were against embarkation in a ship of our own nationality. What the Committee did with our reports or the Governments concerned did with the Committee's reports, I do not know. At first we all took it most seriously, and it was not until I had sent in the most precise details of the four destroyers handed over by Italy to General Franco, and a month later heard on our wireless that the British Prime Minister "had no official information" of the transaction, that I realized that an observer may observe and may report his observations, but that these are not necessarily passed on.

After that I took Non-Intervention in the picnic spirit.

It was a grim, and at times a bloody, picnic, but at least we did no harm to anyone. I observed things against a heart-breaking sinister back-scene, but the things I observed included beauty, humanity, even hilarity, as well as the more obvious miseries. Comfort or exasperation rest ultimately on a way of thinking, and when once I had realized that my reports went nowhere I added facetiousness to them without eliminating accuracy, and instead of making a long face about conditions, I made a sport of them. If a grim visage would prevent one baby, one raven-haired *señorita*, or one old hag, from being eviscerated by a light-heartedly dropped bomb; if a scowl would stop even one bona-fide Spaniard from shooting another; I would gladly scowl "for the duration", but they would not. So I sought what light relief I could from my novel surroundings, and in the sparkling sunlight among the mixed nationalities of the ships, and the eternally adorable though perpetually exasperating Spaniards, what I sought I found. Except for the grim back-scene my Spanish Play was fun.

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My first cab-rank was Marseilles, whither I was sent post-haste by train from London. Might I delay my departure twenty-four hours to collect gear? No, quite impossible. I was urgently needed at once. So away I went, with a fellow-observer, and hot-foot with zeal we reported immediately upon arrival to our Administrator, in his hotel, in his bedroom, at 6.40 a.m. He was surprised (as were we at his good humour in the circumstances) and bade us wait. We waited—twelve days.

My first ship was a lordly liner to Algiers, due to call at Palma, Majorca on her return run. It was grand and dignified, an embarkation *de luxe*, but what the Palma passengers said about Palma in the hands of Franco knocked the stuffing out of my preconceived notions on how "gentlemen" teach good conduct to their "inferiors". I gathered it was not by example. The stories I heard led me to believe that there was nothing to choose between the two sides on the score of behaviour, a view which I only modified during the next two years to the extent that, as the top-dog had greater

opportunities of biting, so the under-dog made greater appeals for sympathy, especially when the bombing of women, children and poor-class quarters set in. But on the score of behaviour of individuals there was also nothing to choose between the dockers and *carabineros* and such officials as came my way, on either side : about 99 per cent. were wholly charming and friendly, and the hundredth correctly polite.

I went to the other extreme with my second ship, a 900-ton Greek, which I shared with a German colleague to Valencia with a cargo of peas and beans. Butter "is not served" in Greek ships, and we had to eat up all our stale Marseilles bread like good little boys before being allowed fresh loaves from Spain. The drinking water had come straight out of the Marseilles dockside standcocks. H.M.S. *Resource* lay in the roads, ready to embark the British Embassy staff at need, and meanwhile mothered any needy British merchantmen. Her captain was an old friend of mine. I hailed her picket-boat, as she passed us, and went out to her. Thereafter my colleague and I had fresh rolls and butter, and the Rugby wireless news, every morning for breakfast, and a 2lb. tin of marmalade. One evening we both rushed up to the upper bridge to witness an air-raid. That was in the early days when they were still bombing Valencia town instead of the docks. They scored a direct hit on a tramcar and destroyed 30 women. My Greek embarkation was colourful.

The most entertaining of all my ships was one of those foreign-owned vessels flying the British ensign which periodically caused indignation both in the Press and among seamen. Owned as to 51 per cent. by a Russian, as to 48 per cent. by a Rumanian, both living in Rumania, and as to one per cent. by an Englishman with a registered office in London, she was manned by a crew of Russians, two negroes, and a Frenchman, collected by an ex-Tsarist naval captain. For insurance purposes she carried a duly certificated British master, who, I think, had never served afloat in a higher capacity than second mate, and who genially introduced himself to me as "the flag captain". He signed on the crew and carried out all the port formalities before the British consuls, but on board celebrated a whole holiday for the

duration of the voyage and confined his activities to reading novels and sewing settee covers. The real captain had the fullest measure of Russian charm at its best, and as two ex-fighting seamen we had a good deal in common, including the French language. His English was slow and laborious, so at tea-time I would scribble down the B.B.C. news as it came through, and then turn it into French for him while he translated it item by item into Russian for the benefit of the mates.

We cleared Marseilles for Sfax, to take phosphates to Barcelona, but once out of port made for Bona and Susa and loaded for Valencia. The other was "eyewash" for Franco spies. But Susa was distressingly efficient, and had us all ready for sea by February 28th. The captain confided to me that the best astrologer in France had cast a horoscope for the voyage, and warned him that the period March 1st to 7th was ill-aspected and "dangerous to his navigation". Sailing on February 28th, for Valencia would infallibly pass us through Franco's patrols during our worst aspects. I could but sympathize and sit back to see what would happen. I was not surprised when two days later the boiler developed a leak off Algiers (quite reasonably, as it was 44 years old), and we put into port for repairs which lasted till March 8th. Thus we came safely to Valencia, where interminable delays held us up for 21 days to unload a cargo which Susa had loaded in thirty-six hours. The cargo in the fore hold was wet from a leak in the ship's side, and the "flag captain" wanted to protest her unseaworthiness. I had arranged for my mails to meet me at Sfax and managed to chaff him out of it, so we patched the leak and sailed away for a second cargo on March 31st. Next forenoon a messenger ran aft asking me to go at once to the captain on the fore bridge. As I climbed the ladder I saw that the ship was under helm and eight points off her course. The captain, gazing away southeasterly, cried "*Un sousmarin, un sousmarin*"! But with great sangfroid I replied "*Un poisson d'Avril, je pense, pas un poisson d'acier*". The two captains were rather impressed by my imperturbability, more so than they would have been, had they realized that the French steward, whom they had

just caught by the same trick, had warned me of the date.

We carried our second cargo to Cartagena, and at this arsenal I was astonished to be told that we could go ashore, wherever we liked, and no passes were necessary. "Suppose we are challenged by a sentry?" I asked. "Oh, in that case, merely stand still and say you come from the *vapor inglese*". I had a little quiet fun here out of the "flag captain" who insisted that "the Reds" had burnt and walled up the doors of every church in Spain. I walked him up to a high place whence we could look down on the town, and then took him round to each church we had espied, personally to inspect "the atrocities". We found none burnt out, and only one walled-up doorway, but the big convent was all shored up from the outside, as its walls were bulging from the effect of a Franco bomb within.

Our original regulations provided that we should be fed and berthed free while embarked, but pay our own hotel bills ashore. If this was designed to stimulate zeal for sea-service it was a success, but, since one went to sea as ordered by the Administrator, zeal was redundant. Moreover, as at certain ports, notably Gibraltar, an increasingly large proportion of calling ships were British, which were not allowed to embark British observers, we presently found "the foreigners" (we were of all nationalities) doing a brisk trade while some of us spent as long as six weeks on end kicking our heels ashore. The warmth which should have gone into zeal went up in explosions. Bases varied in every way. Dover was popular if you were married, and Marseilles if you wanted brisk business in sunny seas. Cette was stagnation, as was Gibraltar for the British. In some the cost of living was high, and in others it was said to be. Presently the influence of the strong Dutch contingent made itself felt. My international researches lead me to the conclusion that the Dutch are a nation of gentlemen, and must be treated as such. I may be wrong, but I believe it was they who obtained for us first-class railway transit instead of second, grants in every port except one, towards hotel expenses, on the ground that in all the others the cost of living was higher, and later the boon of 6s. a day for every day spent ashore after your first thirty in any quarter.

After that nobody cared whether he was afloat or ashore, but when the bombing of the Republican Ports became almost continuous, and the only ships that would go to them were British, with a thin sprinkling of French, the non-British observers suddenly started the new hare of "equal sacrifices for all". The unequal sacrifice of the Britons languishing on the Rock in the pay-your-own-hotel-expenses days was forgotten, and the ukase went forth that British observers could now be shipped in British ships whenever these were bound for 'the Bomberies'. The hosannahs of the heathen subsided very suddenly when our just and equitable Chief Administrator announced the further boon of £1 a day "Danger Money" to every observer whilst in Spanish Republican waters, and they realized to what a gold-mine they had inadvertently admitted the Britons. As a rough measure of the appalling dangers that we underwent I must state that I myself qualified for 36 days of it, in the course of which I experienced one raid, during which one bomb fell on board my ship at a time when, by the courtesy of the Spaniards, I was awaiting the "All-clear" signal in a *refugio* with about 12ft. of masonry above me. No one was hurt. Of course the observing officers did suffer a few casualties first and last, but they were a small percentage.

I do think that the stalked rabbit business also depends to a very great extent "on a way of thinking". Man, in contradistinction to the animals, can work himself up mentally to a frazzle about nothing as easily as about something. It is obviously inane to call an air-raid "nothing", but equally an air-raid can be over-wrought. It chanced that between October, 1937, when I saw a perfectly lovely double daylight raid on Palma, with more noise from scores of A.A. guns than all Buffalo Bill's Wild West Shows (and no more injury to actors or spectators), and December, 1938, I had not seen one bomb dropped. Bombing efficiency had improved meanwhile, and Oran and Gibraltar hospitals were encumbered with observers recovering from knee, shin and ankle injuries. I investigated these, with an eye to my own impending embarkation for Valencia, and discovered that without exception they had been incurred while "rushing for the

refugio ", and as often as not on a false alarm. All were due to jumping, or tripping up, or falling down. Not one was due to direct impact of bomb or *débris*. I was much impressed.

When my ship berthed in Valencia she arrived a little later than intended, and the pilot had to put us alongside in the dangerous hour, between 10 and 2, when the Savoias, climbing high into the sun's eye, would shut off engines and silently slide down their own shadows so as to catch the dock workers in the open before they could reach the *refugios*. He was in such a hurry to get us alongside, in reach of a *refugio*, that he lifted the mast out of the sunken wreck of a gunboat ahead of us, with our bows. The ship's officers assured me that "seconds counted" when once the alarm was given, and that the usual order of precedence in a raid was first bombs, second A.A. guns, and last the syren alarm. Therefore the dockers had trained several dogs to bay distant aeroplanes before they had come within range of human ears. At the dog-bark, up poured all the workers from the holds, collecting the ship's personnel en route, and way they all went over the side to the nearest *refugio*, leaving an eerie dead silence behind them, more ominous than any I have ever felt. This was the moment for knee, shin and ankle injuries. Fortunately, I was hardly over convalescence from an abdominal operation, and could not join the rout. I had leisure to observe that the Spaniards, while training their dogs to bay 'planes, had omitted to train them not to bay cats. We had about twelve "public panics", and not one raid, that voyage.

A dispassionate appraisal of percentages—of bombs dropped to ships hit, of ships hit to observers wounded on board them, of observers wounded at all (I think about 2%)—enabled me to steer my nerves in the opposite direction, so that when the real raid came I was able to observe most of it, like a wise old rabbit, from the mouth of my *refugio*, only popping inside at the last moment. It is a nice calculation that our leaders must make; on the one hand, to induce the population to get under cover when bombers are due, but, on the other hand to avoid working up the panic nerves which lead to distress of body and spirit.

THE COUNTRY PARSON AND HIS TROUBLES

BY REV. J. A. H. BELL

THE Country Parson plays a not inconspicuous part in English rural life, and his well-being claims an interest beyond his own profession. He has come under some criticism lately, which has shewn itself chiefly in the promotion of measures in the Church Assembly for bringing him under stricter discipline. These have been rejected, not because anyone questioned their purpose, but because it was felt that their method of attaining it might do more harm than good. Among clergymen themselves there is a lively sense that all is not well with their profession. But those who are responsible for the government of the Church, who generally belong to the towns, seem unwilling to believe that any change is required beyond an increase of salary, which they effect by the easy method of uniting two benefices into one. They say that they themselves look forward to retiring into a country benefice, when they are too old for their present work ; forgetting that, if such a benefice is indeed a place to retire into, it will on that account be unsuitable for young and active men who, when once inducted, cannot escape from it. For, whereas a town parson can always obtain the offer of a country benefice if he wants it, the country parson can seldom get back into a town. Few patrons will nominate him, nor will a town incumbent accept him as a curate, on the ground, which is generally true, that his country experience will have disqualified him for the work. The peace and beauty of the countryside and the pleasant parsonage allure the imagination of the dwellers in cities but they obscure the difficulties of the country parson's life.

The first drawback to the country parson's life is economic. This, though it is a minor trouble to him, has received attention in public, and has been somewhat mitigated by the action of the

Ecclesiastical Commissioners and other authorities. No benefice whose population is more than three hundred need now have an income of less than three hundred pounds a year, if the proper conditions are fulfilled. But this does not remove economic difficulty. It is not always realized by those without experience that country life in a residence like that of the average Parson is only tolerable for the wealthy. This is because the elementary needs of domestic life, such as the supply of water and the disposal of refuse, which are provided by public authority in the towns, have to be provided separately by each householder in the country. If these things are done by private servants, the expense is large. For servants are hard to get, and, since many of them are unable or unwilling to perform properly those tasks which are least pleasant and most important, higher wages must continually be offered. The garden also, if it is to be kept at all under control, requires that nearly half of the total hours of daylight should be spent at work in it.

A more serious drawback, which goes nearer to the root of the trouble, is that a resident country parson has no longer a place in the village community. This is because the village itself is no longer a community. When the present system of Church administration in rural areas started—far back in the Middle Ages—the village was a unit of social life, separated from its neighbours by lack of communication, and compelled to find within itself most of its recreation and whatever social services were available. Now the people go for their recreation to the nearest place large enough to have a cinema, whilst doctors, nurses and various officials provide the social services from outside. The children between eleven and fourteen or fifteen are sent outside the village to a central school for most of their waking hours. The result is that the village is now only a geographical area on the map, instead of a community with its own independent life.

By this change the *raison d'être* of the resident parson has gone. In the old days his residence was of real value; partly because it was difficult for the church services to be performed regularly otherwise; but chiefly because the parson was the one cultured person in the place, to whom the unlettered people could turn in the many emergencies which lay beyond their intellectual

grasp. He and his family (after the Reformation) used to provide such services as nursing, medicine and relief of the poor, which are now in the hands of the local or other authority. He was thus felt by all to be part of their scheme of life and economy, and was able in turn to direct his spiritual ministrations into the most useful channels, because of the knowledge that he got of their character and affairs by these means. But this is no longer so. The services which the Parsonage used to provide as a matter of course have now their local centre at the village Post Office and shop, where the people draw their pensions, get access to the Poor Man's Lawyer, learn the proper rates of wages and other matters of public interest. The post master becomes their confidential advisor. He is better fitted for this rôle than the parson, because he sees life more nearly from the people's point of view, and because he is free from the suspicion of being more interested in Church propaganda than in the welfare of the people. The parson has thus become an alien element, instituted by the Bishop with pomp and ceremony, and provided with a fine house and fixed income, in order that he may do nothing but carry out the traditional ceremonial observances of the Church. The villagers are too courteous to say this, and generally not clear-headed enough to realize it. They learn, moreover, to like the parson—and are probably glad of his presence as a make weight to the Squire's influence and the bureaucracy of the local government. They shew that they think nothing of his proper work by their frequent request, when consulted about the appointment of a new Incumbent, that he should be one whose wife will be active in the place.

The result of this state of affairs is that most country parsons, feeling that the setting of their work is unsatisfactory, find another occupation on which to spend their energy. Some get educational or other intellectual work, which may take them frequently to their county town. There they spend the main part of their time, and return to their official residence only to sleep and perform their parochial duties, which need no more than an hour a day—in addition to the week-end. Others employ themselves in horticulture, planning and pruning and digging from morning till night. This keeps them occupied and in good health, but is not the profession for which their

education qualified them. Others, determined at all costs to devote themselves to their profession, spend time and thought on the frills of religion—and labour to provide the newest fashions of music and art in their Churches, whereby they often succeed only in separating their religion further from the people. Others again, who have the fortune to catch the public eye, spend most of their energy sitting on Diocesan committees, whose work is often to plan how to instruct the rest of the clergy to do the work from which the members themselves have found a way of escape. Such expedients as these sometimes bring contentment to the parson, but they more often fail to satisfy him, and are little more than devices for occupying time and energy. There must be thousands of parsons who have accepted a country benefice in a weak moment and have found too late that “the talent which ‘tis death to hide” was lodged with them useless.

In spite of this there persists in many influential quarters the view that a resident parson in every village is a matter of primary importance for the Church. If the grounds of this view are analysed, it will appear that the chief of them is that it is desirable that every human group should include a person whose interest is mainly in the things of God. This is obviously so; and it would be hard to find a more valuable contribution for the Church to make to society. But the resident country parson fails to do this because he does not belong to the people among whom he lives. His interests and the source of his income make him a stranger among them. His residence serves rather to emphasize his foreignness by keeping him always before their eyes. The parson is a church official sent to live in a village on a rather grand scale, but so much separate from it economically—that he neither shares in the joy of a good harvest nor in the poverty of agricultural depression. This is very different from the ideal of the Christlike individual living and working among his fellows.

A further complication of village life, which also affects the parson's relation to it, is the increasing number of residents of independent means, who occupy the cottages set free by the changes in agricultural economy. When there were few of these, and locomotion was difficult, they were an asset to the village. Since they depended for their happiness on its good will, they

were glad to efface their independence and make their contribution to the community. But now there are too many of them, and their motor cars and telephone enable them to be independent in their life. The contrast between them and the working people (which includes the farmers) has increased. They use their economic independence to get this æsthetic background for their life. The whole process of the countryside, the growth and decay of plant and animal life, the farmers' anxiety, the labourers' toil, and all the domestic joys and sorrows that go on behind the antiquated cottage walls are to these residents nothing but a picture-frame to set off their own persons. The situation which arises may be an inevitable part of the march of events; but it demands humility and courtesy on the part of those who enjoy this setting. It contributes to the breaking up of village life, and to the alienation of the parson from it, who finds himself more at home socially with these new parasites than with the people. They often become also the mainstay of the services in Church and its finance, which thus tends to become itself more of an alien institution.

The country parson's state of isolation from his people does not afflict the town incumbent in the same way. There are so many people in his parish, that a section of them can always be found who will project themselves mentally into the parson's world. They form a group about him, upon which he concentrates his ministry, and often thereby deceives himself into thinking that he is in touch with the people. The country parson, who is compelled to minister to the real world, cannot do this. The true villagers hang together more closely than any of them do around the parson, who cannot therefore find a select group upon which to concentrate. Nor is it always understood how little of the work of a town parson is concerned with religion. In order to be successful he requires ability to organize, a flair for advertisement, and an ingrained habit of talking to the people in that religious jargon which they appreciate. The writer remembers how in the days of his curacy two city incumbents, of the finest Christian character and more than ordinary mental ability and diligence, were looked upon both by their people and their successful clerical brethren as something

of a failure in the ministry, because they lacked these qualifications. If they had lived in the country they might have had more appreciation, for there the parson's reputation depends on his life, every detail of which is known to all the village.

One remedy for these troubles would be to provide the parson with paid secular employment, so that he might spend the ordinary working hours with some of his people, and the week-ends and evenings in ecclesiastical work. This introduces a large question of policy, whether the ministrations of religion are better performed by professional ecclesiastics or by laymen, into which we do not now propose to enter. What is now suggested is that the parson should work as an employed person, like the majority of his flock. This has the support of S. Paul's example, though he did not recommend it to his pupils. At the present time it would be less strange than might be thought, since men of good family and education are not seldom found in the ranks of what are called 'workers'.

The parson himself would be the first to benefit by this alteration of his life. The discipline of regular work would take the place of the ache of unemployment. Some of the least effective parsons would appear as the best men, and their influence would increase.

Another line along which reform might be made is to retain the present custom of whole-time professional clergy in the country, but to alter their work so that it may become in fact a whole-time occupation. Something has been done in this way by union of two or more benefices into one. But it is not a good solution of the problem, since it neither preserves what is of value in the old system, nor makes best use of the opportunities which the changes of recent years have provided. The parson, being a resident freeholder of one of the old parsonages, is looked on as a parson in the old style, belonging to an economic scheme in which he is separated from the people, and suffering the consequent drawbacks which have been mentioned. The village in which he lives feels that it has now only half an interest in him, so that he becomes more like one of those whose independent income enables them to use the village only as a pleasant background to their home life; and the other, in which he does not live, is completely deprived of the alleged benefit

of a resident parson. Nor is the common criticism of the laity, that he has a sinecure, met by providing him with what appear to be two sinecures. And the parson is well able, independently of criticism, to make the cure of two or even more villages into a sinecure. If he has two Churches to minister to on Sunday, he has a good excuse to cut such plaguey things as Sunday Schools and Children's Services out of his programme altogether, so that he may save his voice for the less exhausting performance of the staid statutory services. In the foregoing pages it has been suggested that the setting in which the country parson is placed in regard to his people is likely to cause him to deteriorate in mind and character. He is unlikely to be improved by doubling the same setting. The sole merit of this method of reform is that it increases his salary. But this is no unmixed advantage. A parson who is richly endowed with a guaranteed income which sets him above the changes and chances of the agricultural life to which he ministers may be less acceptable than when he was poor. And there are signs, when the income is so increased up to more than a thousand a year, of a return of the ancient scandal of rich non-resident clergy.

A better method of reform is to unite into one ecclesiastical unit a larger group of villages, which would be served by one incumbent and several assistants. Such a group would sometimes have a small town for its centre, and would sometimes form a segment of a circle outside a large town to which the villagers were in the habit of going for their shopping and amusement. It might sometimes be convenient to add one of the outlying parishes of the town itself to the group, so as to provide the town and country clergy with an opportunity to share each other's work, to the mutual advantage of themselves and the villages. In such a unit the assistant clergy would be guaranteed in their appointment, from which they could only be dismissed for such causes as now serve for the removal of an incumbent; so that they would have a security of livelihood no less than in a benefice. They would also have the advantage, now unknown in the Church of England, of being able to be moved to a somewhat different sphere of work within the same group, in case they should have the misfortune to find that their work was unsuitable for them. No such movement is now possible. If a man

requires a change of work he must bring influence to bear on patrons in order to get himself nominated to a new benefice, and then go through the upheaval of changing one freehold residence for another perhaps in a distant county. Within such a group as is suggested the clergy would be appointed to their special work by the incumbent after consultation with his colleagues in chapter. Some would be attached to particular villages, so as to know the people and their problems intimately ; but would often preach elsewhere for the sake of variety and freshness both to themselves and the people. They might sometimes find it convenient to live in one of the old parsonages. Others would be attached to the central Church, either to assist the incumbent generally, like a curate of the present day, or to serve the whole group in some branch of work in which he specialized. There would thus be opportunity which is now lacking for young clergy to get a proper training in rural work. The families of the senior men would be better off, because it would be possible for them to live where their special circumstances made it most desirable.

Under this scheme most of the clergy would lose their old freehold of a benefice. But in exchange for it they would, without losing their security, get a flexibility which would make up for some of the present drawbacks. Most of them would live in the central town, where they would be free from the isolation and the domestic labours which are characteristic of the village parsonage. They would appear in the villages only for the purpose of exercising their ministry, and, in the eyes of the inhabitants, would rather resemble the representatives of the social services who go from place to place doing their work in each. In this way they would once more have a part in the social and economic scheme, and would exchange the rôle of a resident parasite for that of a non-resident worker. This would stimulate themselves and the people to greater zeal for the Church. The Parochial Church Councils, lacking the parsonage to fall back upon, and spurred by the visitations of the new kind of minister, would for the first time be likely to fulfil their functions in the villages. They have been up to the present time little more than an appendage to the parson. If he is now an active and popular man, they meet at his bidding and

endorse his wishes ; if he is popular but inactive, they share his supineness and never meet ; if he is unpopular they insist upon regular meetings and take pleasure in baiting him. They only shew vitality when there is a chance of being contentious. This is not entirely the fault of the members of the Council, but is an inevitable result of the Enabling Act, which inflicted upon the villages a method of Church government made by townsmen for the towns. Nor would it be easy to invent another scheme. So long as the old-time resident parson persists, he dominates the Church life of the village for good or ill, and the members of the Council will not risk unpopularity by shewing independence except when they voice the gossip of the village in finding fault with him. If, however, there were no resident Parson, and the priest came only to do his ministerial work, the council would take its place as the primary element of Church life, and would begin to function because of the responsibility laid on it. The Churchwardens also would regain some of their ancient importance, and would appear like the Consuls of Rome as twin presidents of the Church. The rôle of Parson or Person of the place, left vacant by the minister when he ceased to reside, would devolve upon some layman, probably a Churchwarden ; and there would thus arise a new kind of ministry. If some undesirable man intrigued himself into this position—and there are now cases of undue authority being exercised by villainous churchwardens—the non-resident minister, backed by the authority and experience of the incumbent, would be in a stronger position to deal with him than is a present-day incumbent who has no one to back him. Another important result of this scheme would be that the office of incumbent of the whole area would be something new in the Church of England. With his wide administration in the many and various villages and his large staff of clergy he would exercise a ministry different from and far more important than that of any country Parson under the present system. He would resemble the Bishop of a minute diocese in everything except sacramental authority. The creation of such posts would encourage abler persons to offer themselves for ordination than are now attracted by the prospect of imprisonment from middle age onwards in a country benefice.

The finance of such a scheme as this would not be difficult to work out, provided that the good will of the various Patrons was obtained to reconcile them to the sacrifice of a part at least of their interest in appointing a parson. It might safely be prophesied that the Party Trusts would be more difficult to deal with than the private patrons. In the event of obstruction legal power might be got to override the patrons ; but it would be far better if the scheme were started by voluntary amalgamations under a permissive Act of the Church Assembly, since this would both ensure greater good will and provide opportunity for variation as the experiment proceeded. When the total income of all the benefices in the group had been set free for the joint use of the whole, it would be vested probably in the Ecclesiastical Commission and ear-marked for the group. A reasonable proportion would be set aside for the incumbent, who would hold it as a freehold, subject to a retiring age and a pension. The remainder would provide salaries, housing and allowances for the assistant clergy. This would be managed by a Diocesan Board with the assistance of the incumbent, which would decide the number of assistants and would be able to take into consideration such matters as the respective needs of married and unmarried clergy and their expenses. This method of managing the fund would be better than to put it all into the freehold of the incumbent, who would thus be able to enrich himself by dispensing with the service of a curate. There are already examples of small groups of villages whose incumbents have profited in this way, contrary to the understanding made when they accepted the work.

These reflections imply no lack of respect on the writer's part for his brethren, the country clergy. Having been brought up in a country parsonage, and having returned after an interval to occupy one of them himself, he has learnt to hold them in honour, even when their ministry is ineffective. Forty years ago their leading characteristic was their individuality. Isolated from their parishioners by their relation to them, and from all but a few of their clerical neighbours by lack of locomotive facility, they learned to look upon mankind with their own independent vision. On the rare occasions when they gathered in their Cathedral for a ceremonial occasion the appearance

of their person and manner illustrated this in a way that observers cannot easily forget. At home in the cottage kitchen or the parsonage study, they seemed eccentric in urbane society, and contrast with the present generation, whose members never seem so much at home as when walking in a ceremonial procession. They had their maximum value in a state of society where individuals counted more than institutions, and in their day the resident Village Parson was the most valuable thing that the Church could give the country. But the revolution which has taken place in the countryside has altered most of the circumstances which gave him usefulness. The group-mind, cultivated by diocesan committees and central propaganda, has encroached upon his individuality and substituted the advancement of the Church for the welfare of the people as his aim. His works of mercy are now done by the local authority. Though the parson retains many of his old virtues, the villagers do not need him as they did, and his independent freehold and residence no longer provide the best service that the Church could give the country people.

THE PIPERS

By GEOFFREY JOHNSON

Mother Piper, Father Piper,
Bare-armed daughters firm as cherries,
Sons as live and lit as berries,
All alike, except in ages,
Down to singing Baby Piper,
Nine in number, dine on Sundays
With the lusty pagan gusto
Found alone in Homer's pages.

And all the while, like unsluiced water
Battling, clucking down one funnel,
Or a truck-train through a tunnel,
Endlessly the topics jostle,
Run in rhythm to the wassail,
To cock-canary's lyric spate,
Knife and fork that give no quarter,
Arriving and departing plate.
Joy in living, scorn of fate
Peals like bells and bursts like bubbles,
Only to begin again
From shrill singles to chimed doubles,
Triples, quadruples ; then eight together,
Like missel-thrushes in the rain
Propheying jolly weather
And the jolly worms and snails

Still to come when language fails,
Invoke the Sweet, which Baby Piper
With roguish mouth and rattling spoon,
With feet that jig, and eyes that swoon
For very bliss of vision, hails . . .

Mother Piper, Father Piper,
Sturdy sons and chubby daughters,
I'd give all if I could give it,
Pot and pan, tureen and trivet,
Boundless plains of perfect wheat,
London's hosts of morning loaves,
The whole Atlantic's herring droves,
To come again and see you eat.

OF MUSIC FESTIVALS

BY F. BONAVIA

A FEW years ago it looked as if the fashion for musical festivals had definitely declined; it was generally admitted that four or five days of music every third year or so were, at the same time, too much and not enough; new organizations in London and in the great provincial centres had been created to meet new conditions, and the burning of the Crystal Palace was less regretted, because it made vain every hope of reviving its gargantuan Handelian feasts. But recently the fashion has come in again. Apart from the usual ventures of South Coast towns anxious to attract visitors, festivals have recently taken place in Bath and Bournemouth, and two festivals are promised shortly in London, of which one easily surpasses anything done before.

An opening service at Westminster Abbey (preacher, the Archbishop of York) will usher in London's Musical Festival—the greatest festival ever held anywhere—lasting from April 23rd till June 2nd and sending its votaries to Oxford and Cambridge, to Glyndebourne and Stratford-on-Avon, to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to St. Paul's Cathedral and to St. Michael's, Cornhill; to the National and Prince's Galleries; to the London Museum; to Hertford House; to theatres, concert halls, colleges and academies.

Compared with so vast an undertaking, the two March festivals are as midges to an elephant. But Bath's new enterprise originally meant to be something more, and it was reduced to more reasonable dimensions because there seemed to be no chance of attracting sufficient public support, and because it was considered expedient to leave a clear field for the London venture, possibly, a stray sheep (or a tired sheep) would find Bath restful and desirable by contrast with the bustle and excitement of the London festivities. Bournemouth's scheme,

differing in no important particular from previous events of this nature, aroused no special interest and no hostile criticism. The Bath proposal, on the other hand, came in for censure. A very pertinent article in *The Times* expressed the doubts aroused in most thoughtful musicians by the prospect of yet another attempt to make music a medium for advertisement, and a few days later a Bath resident voiced in the correspondence columns of the same paper the fears of his fellow-townsmen who saw in the suggestion an encroachment on the amenities of the town, whose dignified quietude might be shattered by crowds drawn thither by the prospect of the unusual.

If *The Times'* article was extremely sensible, the correspondents' fears were surely exaggerated. Similar functions have been held elsewhere without the least interference with a peace-loving population. For over two centuries a festival has been held in yearly rotation at Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford. Nothing unseemly, no brawl, no noisy demonstration has ever disturbed the even course of those austere meetings. The only objectionable features of a Three Choirs' Festival are the prices charged for accommodation and the itinerants whose dull music enhances the drabness of an expensive but indifferent dinner—features which do not affect residents.

I do not know exactly what happened in Bath during the critical days of the modified festival. But I cannot imagine its programme arousing either enthusiasm or despair. The advertisements appearing in the daily papers urged music lovers to travel by G.W.R. from Paddington and by G.W.R. from the provinces. It may be doubted whether the G.W.R. will pay higher dividends because of the travellers drawn to Bath by the festival. No reasonable being will travel over one hundred miles to buy an article which can be purchased as cheaply at home. The programme offered nothing unusual. On the opening day, Sunday, Handel's *Messiah*, familiar even to the benighted comedians of Mr. Priestley's "When we are married", was given. On other days there were performances by the Kneller Hall Band conducted by Major H. E. Adkins—an admirable band to be heard in our parks during the summer season; by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson who have given innumerable recitals all over the country; by orchestral

performances conducted by Sir Adrian Boult and Sir Henry J. Wood, two conductors most frequently admired at Queen's Hall and in their broadcast performances. A "young people's concert" seems rather a doubtful inducement to travel, and the remaining concert was one of which Mr. Albert W. Ketelby was the sole attraction.

Who is Mr. Ketelby? In an experience of London music extending over a quarter of a century I have never had occasion to admire his performances, if he is a performer, or his compositions, if he is a composer. No doubt he justified the expectations of the Bath organizers, but he can hardly have realized the hopes of the G.W.R. There was a list of highly experienced and highly respectable soloists for "Messiah", and Albert Sammons played Elgar's concerto. There was also a "festival chorus"—whatever that may mean—and an "augmented" Pump Room orchestra. Now the public is justly suspicious of "augmented" orchestras. It is easy to "augment" a small orchestra; the smaller the orchestra, the easier the process of augmentation; but even augmented orchestras have frequently fallen short of adequacy. The Manchester and London orchestras—the B.B.C., the Philharmonic, the London Symphony—are about 100 strong and often find it necessary to add to their numbers. The augmented orchestra of many festivals reach to about half that size. Such a programme looks remarkably like a confession of bankruptcy of ideas. A festival is no festival unless it offers something outside average, everyday experience.

One would have thought that the prospect of the great London venture embracing church, theatre, concert-room, academy—would have silenced possible rivals. But some gentlemen, apparently, believe that 50 odd performances in little over a month are not enough, and are engaged in setting up another show of "music for the people". What music, one may ask, and for which people; is there a new brand of music or is there a new people? One presumed, perhaps erroneously, that all composers, from Palestrina to Elgar, hoped that their work would provide most if not all fellow-men with that escape from sordid reality which art is supposed to offer. The second aim of the promoters is nothing less than "to relate directly

the art of music with the paramount social needs of our time—peace, freedom and work”—a praiseworthy aim if it could be realized. It is unfortunately impossible to discriminate between music which can and music which cannot be related to social needs or even to the general trend of the times. We can only distinguish between the good and the bad music of a period. It is impossible to reconcile the qualities of Rossini's music with the European events of his day, or the exquisite sensitiveness of Debussy with the age in which he lived. The new political *régimes* of the twentieth century have sought eagerly an art consonant with their ideal; they have urged, encouraged, entreated, offered support, purses, honours—in vain. The mountain refused to produce even the proverbial mouse; no art exists which can be traced directly to any “ism”. It has been said that Wagner's delight in heroic subjects is the counterpart of the military spirit of the Germany of his age and the remark has an appearance of truth; but Wagner's music is not only heroic; Mastersingers, Parsifal, Tannhäuser, the Flying Dutchman point in a very different direction. Brahms was Wagner's contemporary—where is the link between Brahms and his time or between Brahms and Wagner? The true artist and his times may often be out of tune. Salzburg had a high opinion of the archbishop who cut a great figure—and never dreamt that a little musician was in time to be honoured wherever music is appreciated while the archbishop would only be remembered for his boorishness. In any case the creative artist must be above his time if his work is to endure; to connect artistic manifestation with any passing phase of thought or fashion is to court failure. No doubt it will be interesting to bear a balalaika orchestra play modern Russian tunes in the Albert Hall, as the promoters of this festival of “music for the people” propose to do. But how shall we derive peace, freedom and work from its melodious labours? It is the royal prerogative of music to stand above logic, to frame out of three sounds not a fourth but a star; to tie it to a system—to any system—is to clip its wings.

The London festival proper, we are told, will be “uncommon”. Will the organizers provide something unusual, reveal new, strange beauties? The answer to that question can only be

a negative. It will be unique in magnitude, in the numbers engaged, places to be visited, works to be performed. But it holds out little prospect of adventure. It is a vast undertaking—so vast that it defies definition. National, in that it employs most national resources, it is also international since it includes many foreign artists. Signor Toscanini and Sir Adrian Boult, Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham; the Griller and the Lener Quartet, British Opera at Sadler's Wells and international opera at Covent Garden; there will be ballet, choral services in famous cathedrals, concerts at Queen's Hall and brass bands with fireworks display on Hampstead Heath; concerts for children and university music—what more could one ask? It does look as if every available source had been tapped. And yet there will be disappointment. The North, once the citadel of English music ("the centre of English music" Elgar said once, "is not in London but farther North") is not represented. The London Junior Orchestra will contribute its mite to the general scheme, but not the Halle or the Scottish orchestras. Yorkshire choirs, for many years an inspiration to all others, are not amongst the contributors, nor are the musicians who have devoted themselves to the study of ancient art and instruments—which is to be regretted since an English consort of viols gives us something that is both beautiful and unusual.

Whom, one wonders, is this gigantic feast supposed to satisfy, the public at large, rich visitors—or both? The public will have to be wealthy indeed to subscribe to half the entertainments offered. But the wealth of Ind will not enable visitors to attend all the performances, since on various dates two events are scheduled for the same hour. It is obviously not meant to have an appeal for the specialist. There is no modern or ancient fashion parade—which is good—but there is also no attempt to go outside the beaten track; we have heard all these performers great and small, at some time or other, long before the festival was thought of. In its indefinite aim—apart from the grandiosity of the plan—this festival is unlike the festivals of the last century which often fulfilled a need and had a character of their own. When orchestras had to be imported from London or Manchester their collaboration had perforce to be for a

limited period of time and it was better to have a festival than to have no orchestral music at all. Even the Crystal Palace enormity had some purpose. Artistically it was monstrous because while it multiplied indefinitely the choir and increased its force and weight, it could not add proportionately to the force and weight of either soloists or orchestra. But the more massive choral pages of Handel did acquire in the circumstances a splendour that made some amend for grievous losses elsewhere.

The only provincial festival to survive and flourish is the Three Choirs' which, apart from its long tradition, still justifies itself since neither Hereford, Worcester nor Gloucester are large enough and wealthy enough to support a first-rate orchestra of their own. Moreover, thanks to the connection with Edward Elgar, the three choirs have now a mission which is to keep and guard jealously what he taught them to sing with true note and accent. The other festivals have disappeared because no longer adapted for our requirements and because the four or five days' feast had the effect of surfeiting the appetite—a danger not to be eliminated in the case of London. But they served a purpose in their day and contributed something to the progress of music by providing engagements and commissioning new works.

Novelties will not be a feature of the London season. The most unusual, and probably the most popular, event will be, weather permitting, the performance of Handel's Fireworks music on Hampstead Heath by Callender's massed bands and fireworks by C. T. Brock & Co. The choice of Hampstead suggests that historical reconstruction is not to be carried too far—which is perhaps as well since the original event ended creditably for Handel (even though the "fireworks" music has nothing like the subtlety of the "Water" music) but disastrously for the firework artist; something went amiss with his display and, losing his head, the daring fellow attacked sword in hand the Master of the Ordnance, the Duke of Montagu, and was promptly arrested. The orchestra on that occasion included forty trumpets, twenty French horns, and there was cannon—will there be cannon on Hampstead Heath?

The Festival will assemble many famous and other, almost famous, performers. It will not reveal new talent; it will not

enrich the masses who take part in it ; it will neither speed nor delay the cause of good music ; it will not even ease the singular difficulties of the Carnegie Trust. But as a piece of organization it undoubtedly reflects great credit on the promoters and their resources. Toscanini is said to be at his best in Beethoven's mass ; Glyndebourne's productions must fall much below the usual Glyndebourne standard if they are to be less than excellent ; the Bach Choir will surely give a good account of itself in the St. John Passion and no one need entertain a doubt as to the quality of Sir Thomas Beecham's Covent Garden achievements since he himself told us what that season is going to mean. The inclusion of special programmes of church music must add variety and may prove useful in teaching churchman and layman to distinguish between good and poor church music—a distinction not often appreciated. If all these events were not so close together, so hedged in by time, if only one had an interval for reflection between one great feat and the next, one would feel happier. The wise enter a great picture gallery—which the festival resembles—determined to ignore everything except what they particularly wish to see. Only thus can be avoided the confusion and the mental distress of a hundred jostling, superficial impressions.

When celebrities meet great deeds are bound to follow. But musical experience is a singular thing, wholly independent of magnitude and grandiosity. Often, when the stage had been set for stirring events and great expectations aroused, the result was disappointment. Another time, independently of the fame of the exponent, unannounced and wholly unexpected, come the light which revealed that which was never to be forgotten again. Such a revelation came when Richter first showed us the true stature of Beethoven ; it came as one listened to the work of an anonymous composer who centuries ago did with the intense, passionate ardour of true faith what countless moderns try to do in vain having no faith. It came when Arthur Catterall, still in his teens, played Tschaikovsky at a Halle Concert, and, once more, during an unforgettable performance of César Franck's work by the Menges quartet.

The festival offers so many opportunities that something memorable should happen. But Oxford scored when

adventurous spirits staged Monteverde's Orpheus; Cambridge won with its first experiment in old English Church Music; Glyndebourne with the general excellence and care of its productions—these were the achievements of individuals revealing something new, moving and unexpected. Ever since M. Arthur Honegger prophesied the end of musical enterprise when, having secured records of the best music by the best performers, musicians must once more become useless rogues and vagabonds, festivals have given rise to anxiety. There is a suggestion of "let us feast and be merry for tomorrow we die" about them. Perhaps that is a pessimistic view to take of events designed, no doubt, to music lovers offer the excitement once felt in Bayreuth or Salzburg. Unfortunately there is neither a Wagnerian nor a Mozartian tradition to give it purpose and direction.

LIBEL AND SLANDER

BY W. L. BURN

THE law of defamation is of great technical complexity ; but the reasons why the layman finds it annoying or absurd are plain enough. Chiefly, they are two. The first lies in the difficult question, what are you trying to do by a law of defamation at all ? Are you starting, as it were, at one end and punishing the insult or are you starting at the other and assuaging the damage which the insult has done ? From very early days the Common Law took the second view. It made the fact of " publication " to a third person, for instance, essential to a libel or slander. If no one but yourself hears a piece of defamatory language you may have been insulted but you have not been damaged in the estimation of your fellows. Yet, up to this century, the law clung to one element in defamation : the words must have been intended to refer to the plaintiff. Then came, in 1909, the case of *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* It had long been held that it was the effect, not the intention, of words that mattered, but in this case the importance of the intention was reduced to a minimum. A story published in a journal depicted the somewhat discreditable doings of a person described as " Artemus Jones " ; and, as a result, the proprietors were sued by a barrister of that name who held that he had suffered damage as a result of his being associated and confused with this fictitious character. At the time, Lord Justice Fletcher Moulton, gave a dissenting judgment of great force in which he emphasized the fact that the long settled form of pleading included the words, " wrote and published of and concerning the plaintiff ". " It is therefore to my mind settled law ", he said, " that a defendant is not guilty of libel . . . unless he intended to refer to the plaintiff ". It is almost certainly true to add that the Lord Justice was correct and that the judgment of the majority, though it was

said to be merely declaratory, was in fact legislative.

The second fundamental problem is that of discovering a standard of defamation. Let us assume that we agree that a man has a right to the protection of his reputation. Immediately the question arises, reputation for what? Take this case. Smith, Brown, Jones and Robinson are in the habit of spending the evenings, drinking beer and playing darts or dominoes, in the village 'pub'. The publican often allows them to have an extra glass 'after hours'. There is a little rift in the party and Smith, feeling himself slighted, stays away for a few nights. During that time the 'pub' is raided by the police. The publican is discovered supplying and Brown, Jones and Robinson are discovered imbibing drink 'after hours'. They make an ignominious appearance at the Petty Sessions, and thereupon Brown, jumping to the conclusion that Smith has given the information upon which the police acted, writes to that effect to Jones and Robinson. Smith sues Brown for libel. The law says, "Mr. Smith, you are mistaken; you have not been libelled. It is true that Mr. Brown said you informed the police, and you had not done so. But if you had done so it would only have been the act of a good citizen; and to say that you acted like a good citizen cannot be libel". It is useless for Smith to say that he does not want to appear as the hero of a manual on Citizenship. What he wants is his old reputation as a 'good fellow' among his cronies; and in losing that he feels that he has suffered very real damage indeed. The difficulty here, and it is probably an insuperable one, is that of applying objective and universal standards to remedy affronts to those most subjective of things, personal dignity and *amour propre*.

So much for defamation in general. What of the recent Amendment Bill, which was brought up for its second reading in the Commons on February 3rd, and withdrawn on the promise of the Government of a comprehensive inquiry into the whole subject? Before we examine it in detail it is only proper to remind ourselves of the criticism implicit or explicit in the opposition which the Bill met with in the House: that it was, in pith and substance, a Bill for the protection of the Press, including in that term authors, newsagents and distributors as well as

publishers and printers. We shall see that the charge is not without foundation. Mr. A. P. Herbert complained of the multiplicity of "gold-digging" actions (or writs, rather—for often enough a writ and a statement of claim are enough) against newspapers. A Press photographer sees the well-known Mr. X at a race-meeting with a lady. He "snaps" them and then tells Mr. X that he has done so and asks if he may publish the name of the lady. "Oh", says Mr. X, "that's my *fiancée*". The photograph duly appears above the caption, "At the Races. Mr. X, the famous explorer, with his *fiancée*". Thereupon Mrs. X, who lives apart from her husband, issues her writ for libel on the ground that people have been led to think that she was not, in reality, X's wife and, when she had been living with him, had done so as his mistress. This sort of thing, says Mr. Herbert, is wrong. Perhaps it is; but is it very wrong? A cynic aggrieved by newspaper invasions of his own privacy (which still happen, despite pious protests) might say, 'What rational reason is there for publishing a photograph of X at all? Does it matter twopence whether he was at Ayr or Aden? If a newspaper bothers to satisfy fatuous and irrational curiosity on the part of its readers, it deserves very little pity if now and again it has to pay for the pleasure'.

To put this argument on broader grounds, there are a good many people who hold that sections of the London Press and its provincial subsidiaries (the so-called "national" Press) are, on the one hand, insufficiently sensitive to matters of the most urgent public importance, so that it is necessary at times to read American newspapers to discover what is happening in Britain; and, on the other, that these same sections carry their prurience and curiosity to lengths that no thinking man could justify. No doubt this view is exaggerated. It has no application at all to the great provincial dailies such as the *Yorkshire Post* and the *Manchester Guardian*; but there are quarters where it does apply and, thinking of these, people ask themselves, "If one of the bootleggers in the Press racket is 'high-jacked' himself, does it matter so much?" It will be as well to keep this controversy in mind as we go through the provisions of the Bill.

Clause 1 makes it a good defence to a libel action to show

(i) that the defendant had no intention of referring to the plaintiff and either (ii) that he had, through no lack of reasonable care, no knowledge of the existence of the plaintiff at the time when he published the libel or (iii) that he did not foresee and could not reasonably have foreseen that the libel might reasonably have been understood to refer to the plaintiff. Partly this is an attempt to put the law back in the state in which it was before *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* On that it is to be observed that the more far-fetched effects of *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* appear to be dying away. In a somewhat similar case last year, *Canning v. Collins*, the jury returned a verdict for the defendants. But the Bill goes beyond this and proposes to make an absence of intention to refer to the plaintiff in certain circumstances a good defence. This would be far more revolutionary in one direction than was *Jones v. Hulton and Co.* in the other, for it would tend to substitute for one difficulty, that of determining the effect of the libel, the far greater difficulty of determining the mind and state of knowledge of the defendant at the time.

Clause 2 is aimed at the protection of distributors of publications, who are, under the present law, equally liable with the authors, printers and publishers if the matter is libellous. It will be a good defence to such distributors if they prove that they did not know that the matter was libellous, unless the plaintiff for his part can prove either that they did know or that they ought to have known from its character what it was likely to contain. This is again evidence of the tendency we have noticed to examine rather the intention of the libeller than the effect of the libel. But the effect of this clause is by no means clear in the case of the great distributing agencies for whose protection it is obviously designed. In such cases, whose knowledge is at issue? A limited company cannot have knowledge itself. Is it, then the knowledge of its directors, or of its managers? If so, considering how few, for instance, of bookstall posters, the directors are likely to see personally, it would be a very satisfactory defence. The position of distributors is admittedly difficult, but it is to be remembered not only that they have the power to give a libel the widest publicity but also, as Lord Justice Greer hinted in *Sun Life*

Assurance Co. of Canada v. W. H. Smith and Sons Ltd., that what would be clear negligence in the small grocer-cum-newsagent should not be passed off as a mere 'lack of co-ordination' in a big firm. At present a distributor has to prove (i) that he did not know such and such a publication contained a libel and (ii) that he had no reason to know. The Bill would absolve him from the necessity of proving (ii) and throw that burden upon the plaintiff.

Clause 3 concerns the apportionment of damages in a successful libel action. At present it is the law that when two or more defendants are sued for a joint libel there can only be one judgment, that is, judgment for a single lump sum, against them. The Bill proposes to give to the Judge not merely the power but the duty to apportion these damages among the defendants. The cynic may wonder if this Clause (including its sub-section 2, which allows one defendant to drag into the action another potential defendant) is not contrived in the interests of the Press magnates. X contributes a libellous article to a newspaper. Y sues the newspaper but he does not bother to sue X, who, as he knows, is not worth powder and shot. From the newspaper he recovers £2,000 damages. Now, presumably, if this Bill were law, the newspaper proprietors could have the author, as a joint-tortfeasor, made a defendant (whether the plaintiff approved or not) and then, if they lost, might very well only have £1,000 to pay; X filing his petition. On the other hand, one can well imagine cases where a thoroughly wicked and malicious libel has been published by one of two joint defendants, while the other has only been guilty of indiscretion at most. Once more, the Bill leans rather to intention than effect. This time, however, it shows another tendency which we shall observe again later, that of putting libel, as a tort, in a class by itself. Why should there be this rule of apportionment for libel and not for running-down or false imprisonment? Is it a good thing to create legal anomalies deliberately in this way? And would it, as a mere matter of practice, be useful that, after a jury had assessed damages on such principles as they thought best, the judge should proceed to apportion them on principles that were possibly quite different.

The next Clause, 4, purports to enact that "a plaintiff in

an action for libel or slander shall not be entitled to recover general damages for injury to his reputation unless he gives oral evidence of the fact that his reputation has suffered or may suffer by reason of the libel or slander". The object of thus forcing the plaintiff into the witness-box is, apparently, so that he may be cross-examined in a particular way to secure mitigation of damages. At the present moment, under certain conditions, evidence can be offered, in mitigation of damages, of the plaintiff's bad reputation, at least in the particular characteristic with which the libel deals, but not of particular acts of misconduct of which the plaintiff has been guilty. In the present writer's opinion this is proper; and the innovations proposed by the Bill, which would allow evidence of the more serious criminal offences and of "civil proceedings involving charges of fraud and dishonesty in which judgment has been recovered against the plaintiff" to be used against him in mitigation of damages, are highly improper. What a man seeks to protect by bringing a libel action is the reputation he has. It is therefore proper to admit evidence of general bad reputation. But the changes proposed would make the question, not what sort of character the plaintiff in fact bore but what sort of character he would bear if all his criminal past were raked up. That it would have the effect intended, of scaring off "gold-diggers", is not certain; but it is probable that it would effectively deter most plaintiffs with anything to hide from bringing an action in case of even the grossest libel.

Sections 5 and 6 need not detain us long. They both seek to extend somewhat the qualified privilege which newspapers enjoy in regard to their reports of certain proceedings. The report of a public meeting is such a proceeding, and it is sought to extend the occasions of such qualified privilege to cover, *inter alia*, the meetings of public companies. The phrasing as it stands at present is extremely wide; but, with safeguards, it may well be for the public interest that this particular freedom of the Press be extended.

Section 7, although it encountered some opposition from the Attorney-General, seems to the present writer to be the most desirable section of the Bill. It is designed to make all cases of slander actionable (as libel is) without proof of special damage.

At the present moment a vindictive person who confines himself to defamation by word of mouth can do great harm without danger of action. He can say of a doctor, "He is in the habit of kissing his housemaids"; of the leading solicitor in his town, "He is on the verge of bankruptcy"; of a retired clergyman, "He gets drunk every night"; of a schoolmaster, "He seduced his caretaker's wife": and in each case, unless these gentlemen can prove that they have suffered special damage as a result of the slander, they have no cause of action. This distinction between libel and slander was drawn in the later seventeenth century. It has been bridged here and there, as by the Slander of Women Act 1891, which made an oral imputation of unchastity against a girl or woman actionable without proof of special damage. Its abolition was recommended by the Lords' Select Committee in 1843 and has been supported by eminent authorities since. The best argument in favour of it, that slanders eventually find their proper level, may have held good of a small, close community a century ago. But when people move about as they do to-day, slanders move with them. With this distinction would go a whole mass of highly artificial rules, which the Courts do not pretend to refer to general principles; and the chief stigma upon our law of defamation would have been removed.

Clause 8 lays down that, save with leave of the Court, no action for libel or slander shall be commenced more than a year after the cause of action has arisen. It is to be presumed that the Court would take into such consideration such factors as the time when the defendant learnt of the libel, and the means at his disposal for bringing an action when he did so. For the general principle, that a man who wants to defend his reputation will and should lose no time in doing so, there is a good deal to be said.

Clause 9 affirms that a plaintiff in a defamation action "shall not recover more costs than damages unless the judge makes an order to the contrary". The present position is that costs (not only, of course, in defamation actions) are in the discretion of the judge. The award by a jury of a farthing as damages will *prima facie* be reasonable grounds (though no more) for the Court depriving the plaintiff of his costs. The alteration

proposed, even with the judicial safeguard, would tend to discourage the plaintiff of small means. A man who was awarded a mere £200 in a High Court action would be likely to find himself out of pocket ; unless juries, knowing of this clause, deliberately increased the damages so that they should always carry with them an amount of costs sufficient to indemnify the successful plaintiff. This, presumably, would not be the result at which the framers of the Bill were aiming.

What, then, are we to think of this essay at law reform ? First, that it proposes to do at least one very good thing, to put libel and slander on the same footing. Secondly, with the exception of the clause which does this, that it is a defendant's Bill ; and especially a Press defendant's Bill. Thirdly, that in substituting the intention of the defendant rather than the effect upon the plaintiff it is confusing or revolutionizing the present law. Fourthly, that it proposes to put the tort of defamation in a highly novel and anomalous position, for which there is really no justification. Finally, that it proposes to throw an excessive burden on the Judges in a class of action where juries are most useful. The present writer is bound to say that, with the exception of clause 7 and the possible exception of clauses 5, 6 and 8, he is not inclined to regret the decent interment with which the Bill has met.

EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

BEFORE the latest events one asked whether ending of the war in Spain was more likely to increase or to lessen the chances of a European conflict. If to lessen them, then Mr. Chamberlain's policy gained some justification, and since this was on the whole the more plausible view, his stock had been rising perceptibly. Every week that passes narrows the gap between the power of offensive of the anti-democratic States and the democratic power of defence. Those who speak for Germany see with resentment that the dictatorships are challenged to a war of economic attrition, and in this game of beggar-my-neighbour the longest purse must win—unless another kind of war is substituted. Will it be? What will Italy do?

The Danger Point

While the war in Spain continued, the democracies have submitted to seeing Majorca in Italian occupation. When the presence of Italian troops and war material there ceases to be necessary for General Franco, will they be withdrawn? Mr. Chamberlain has declared that if they showed a disposition to remain, it would be the duty of the French to force them out, and British power would assist the French. Whether either France or England would undertake this operation if General Franco, in control of all Spain, supported the Italians, is no way certain; and this appears to be the danger-point. Would the democracies make war to prevent Italy from continuing in a position to threaten their sea communications, even though the Spaniards to whom the territory belongs should raise no objection? They would have no such moral cause to defend as might have rallied the people when the liberties first of Abyssinia and then of Czechoslovakia, were attacked. England's own position at Gibraltar would cut into the logic of their case. There is a

temptation here for the dictatorships to try and bring about another Munich—in which Germany, not Italy, would intervene as the providential peacemaker, on terms which the other dictator could accept.

Yet surrender in this case is all the more unlikely because there will be no danger of appearing to fight quixotically for a principle. England and France will both feel a direct interest of their own at stake ; and diplomats may succeed in persuading the dictators that Lord Halifax was serious with his warning sign "Halt! Major Road Ahead". There is the further consideration that General Franco would not be easily persuaded to even a temporary alienation of Majorca. Before he consented to it, he would have to eat a great many of his most emphatic words, and he is too completely a Spaniard not to be strongly affected by pride. He has retorted arrogantly to the democracies' attempt at imposing on him conditions for the treatment of those whom he may have conquered ; but that same quality is open to other appeals, and the French, with that touch of imagination which often marks their action, have chosen the right man to make them. Marshal Pétain is more than a great soldier, he is a great personality. After the war he held a sort of class for generals, and General Franco attended it.

On balance, then, it seems unlikely that the Italians will be able to plead that General Franco desires their continuing presence in the Balearics ; and if they should attempt to remain there against his wish, Spain would be thrown at once into the arms of France and England—which would hardly be a useful result of all that Italy has expended in this conflict. Doubtless attempts will be made to strike a bargain, in which an early evacuation of all that is held in the western Mediterranean will be offered in exchange for some compensation further east. But the bargaining on both the French and the British side will be done with a considerably stiffened upper lip. Mr. Hore Belisha's remarkable speech on the developments in the British army has been read with profound satisfaction in France as well as in England. Reactions in Rome and in Berlin, have naturally been much less appreciative.

The new Pope, chosen with such unusual promptitude, has been a politician throughout his career, though an ecclesiastical politician, and it is evident that the Roman Church felt the need of a man so trained. Whatever he attempts to do, or decides to leave undone, it will not be for lack of experienced insight, and certainly it is well that he should have such thorough knowledge of Germany—as well as more than usual familiarity with the United States. At the outset the choice of him has clearly been welcomed by the democracies—who are eagerly looking for friends, even in the unlikeliest quarters. But the truth is that even the most ingrained Protestants have come to realize that the Church of Rome stands for Christianity, and that Christianity inculcates the right of individual freedom—which the doctrine of the hive denies.

**Church and
State**

Eyes have been fixed on another great religious leader, who does not fear to soil his hands by touching politics. Mr. Gandhi has once more employed the extreme pressure which only he can exercise, and which is exercised at the hazard of his life. This time the threat of self-immolation was directed against an Indian, yet its effect has been produced through the intervention of the paramount English power. Lord Linlithgow found a way out, which the Indian prince could accept without the appearance of complete surrender. But India will conclude that the Viceroy has inclined to push a leading Prince towards concessions demanded by Congress; and that seems to me of good augury for the British Commonwealth. The separatist tendencies in India are formidably strong; the native states are the parts most attached to the British connection. There is, however, one strong restraining force working against separatism, and that is the fear of what might come if the British power were withdrawn. Mr. Gandhi has demonstrated once more that British authority is amenable to moral pressure, and does not merely answer with machine-guns; it takes account of the general will of the Indian people and in a particular case goes as far as the constitution permits to give effect to that will. Probably Lord Linlithgow has convinced himself, as evidently Lord Halifax did in his viceroyalty, that Mr. Gandhi has a single-minded devotion to the good of the Indian people, and

that when he feels a certain reform to be matter literally of life and death, he becomes an expression of the will of India which cannot be ignored. But whether, when Mr. Gandhi dies, any man can be found who will serve in the same way as a safety-valve, is a grave doubt.

In Ireland it is pleasant to note at least some movement towards a better understanding between North and South : and the Irish Association does not commit itself to any much

**The Irish
Association**

more definite programme than this phrase covers. But its President is Lord Charlemont, who was Minister for Education in Lord Craigavon's government, and established a school system there which gives at least as fair play to the Roman Catholic minority as they get in Great Britain. Among the Vice-Presidents are General Sir Hubert Gough who was once highly approved of in Ulster, and two Major-Generals, one of whom lives in the Six Counties. With them is Senator MacDermot (who has said very pointedly in the Senate at Dublin that Mr. de Valera could usefully go much further in the way to conciliation) and Mr. J. J. Horgan who, in addition to being a leading solicitor in Cork, is chairman of a large business operating in Belfast, Cork and Waterford, and financed as much by Protestant money as by Catholic. Possibly some of these gentlemen may persuade Lord Craigavon and Mr. de Valera that neither of the two parties to the dispute is irreproachable. If that point were gained, there would be some chance at least of a friendly approach.

Henry Bishop who died last month, a week after he had been elected to full membership of the Royal Academy, was a charming painter to whom recognition came late from his own

**A Charming
Painter**

craft, and from the general public perhaps never came at all. I met him first in Tangier about thirty-five years ago : he had gone across from Algeciras to spend a day, and fell so completely in love with what he found there that his stay ran on for many years, and was only ended by stress of finances. The subjects of his choice were the Moorish walled cities, Tangier and Tetuan, with their great expanses of wall, whitewashed or blue washed, forming back-

grounds for the highly coloured dresses of the people—all seen in a delicate shimmer of moist air. For in that north-west corner of Africa Atlantic winds and Atlantic rains make an atmosphere oddly like what one knows in Cornwall—and still more in Kerry.: there is a sort of opalescence or pearly quality over everything which enriches colour even while it subdues it. Bishop went for a while to paint in Algeria, but the work he did there had not the same charm ; the contrasts were too crude and glaring, and he returned happily to the familiar half tones which he rendered with such subtlety. I have a picture of Tetuan by him, painted from outside the walls at the hour on a Friday when all Moorish gates are shut ; and there is the white city, silent and mysterious, looking at you through the dark enigmatic eyes of shadowy windows : all set down with a hundred variations of white, grading here and there into grey or blue, with the distinction scarcely perceptible, yet felt. He said to me : “ Lots of men can do lots of things that I never could ; but I don't think anyone else could have done that piece of painting ”. He was by nature too much a recluse to be popular ; he lived in his art and for it—getting also much pleasure out of literature. If some passage in a book pleased him, he would transcribe it in a beautiful script and pin it on the studio wall, where there was a whole gallery of such selections. Some day I hope there may be an adequate exhibition of his work ; if there is, though his studies of French seaports will be valued, the Moorish studies will stand out, with no self-assertion, but in a most delicate beauty.

E. V. Lucas, about whom so much has been written since his death last summer, was in many ways the most fortunate man I have known in the world of letters, and singularly

A Portrait fortunate in his biographer. Yet biography is not
of the right word to describe what his daughter has

E. V. Lucas written ; she calls it much more properly, “ **A Portrait** ”. Whatever success came to Lucas, he certainly earned it, and he has earned this also, for he succeeded in making his daughter like him so well that the outstanding impression in the book is her affection for the personality which, as she puts it, he had “ built up ”. She has not been afraid to let it appear

that much that is written in her book (on Lucas's own authority) of his father might have been written of E. V. himself—trusting that whoever reads will find the whole picture flooded with memory of a delightful companionship. It was not always delightful; nothing ever is: the man was an insatiably rapid worker, by no means even-tempered, and one chapter conveys (with indulgent humour) how far from even his temper used to be when his wife and daughter accompanied some of his “wanderings” abroad in search of material. Even at Froghole, the earliest of his homes, there were asperities, amusingly chronicled; we are let know what E. V. was like to live with. But those of us who remember that enchanting cottage and its garden—the best garden that I ever saw—will be thankful to have memories of the household and of all about it preserved with such a living touch. Pleasant it is to meet photographs that recall the man as he was in the freshness of his youth. I suppose he will be chiefly remembered in his later development, the complete clubman, somewhat overblown, and one is glad that most of his daughter's memories concern that earlier time.

But the complete clubman was in reality only a sort of masquerade; at bottom Lucas was a very hard worker and a most capable man of letters who deserved well of his own tribe and seldom neglected any occasion to help a beginner. He did desire to be a social personage, to count, to be able to go into any society—and he had nothing to assist him but what distinction he could earn. As a writer, he commanded an excellent style, but that is not so rare as to bring popular recognition; he had no considerable gift as a novelist and he could not write plays. Humour he had, but not of the sort which sets all the world laughing; it was too delicate, almost evasive. Yet with that very limited equipment, he achieved a personal success comparable to that of any among his friends, and they included all the most successful writers of his time. It seems to me likely that in another fifty years or a hundred years, students of literature, finding Lucas figure so large in the judgment of his contemporaries, will be a good deal puzzled when they turn to his actual work. But this book of his daughter's will help them to understand. A letter from him (reproduced photographically in its characteristic scribble) about her book “Old Motley”—

which is an incomparably better novel than he ever wrote—praises his daughter for “striking the balance” in her judgment of life. That is exactly what she has done in their memoir; if the balance is struck generously, it is not the less true for that, and if the portrait were not amusing and charming and somehow appealing, it would not be a good portrait. But it is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Germans are able people but bad psychologists, as the case of Belgium showed. Herr Hitler has confused detestation of war with very different qualities. He thought he had democracy on the run. Yet there was never any doubt that Mr. Chamberlain, when roused, would fight and fight hard. There is, however, one terribly grave question. The English people cannot be rallied to-day by one who cares only for the liberty of England. Mr. Chamberlain, apparently, sees now that European freedom and civilization cannot be defended piecemeal, but that a stand must be made against lawless aggression anywhere because it is lawless,

Is he the man under whom this stand can best be made? He has great ability, honesty and courage, and, what matters most, no man could have given stronger proof of the will to peace. If the nation feels that his will to resist when resistance becomes necessary is not less masterful, he will be followed; and the next few days must show whether he can convince the people that all necessary steps are being taken and will continue to be taken under his leadership. But this is no time for half measures, or for a weak team. Unless the Government is reconstructed, it cannot meet this emergency.

Last September Czechoslovakia was powerfully organized and ready, materially and morally, to resist aggression; Mr. Chamberlain took on himself the task of breaking that will to resistance. He allowed his achievement to be treated as a personal triumph; and he taunted Mr. Churchill, who criticized his action, with lack of judgment. The public can judge now which man judged the situation better.

Mr. Chamberlain may direct and organize great expenditure of money; but moral preparedness will never come while he is in power. The measure which could do most to arrest the spread of anarchy in Europe is the universal acceptance in Great Britain of a military obligation; but the country would not unite to accept it from Mr. Chamberlain. It does not feel that he knows which are the things that a nation must fight for. Unless a man can convey that feeling, there is no leadership in him; and the need for leadership is urgent.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

THE EXECUTIVE

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

THE BRITISH CABINET SYSTEM, by A. Berriedale Keith. *Stevens and Sons*. 15s.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION, by H. R. G. Greaves. *Allen and Unwin*. 7s. 6d.

It is a fact by no means without significance that, in these latter days, constitutional commentators should be tending to concentrate their attention upon the Executive side of Government. Down to the close of the Victorian era they were preoccupied with the Legislature. The history, the functions, and the composition of the English Parliament supplied material for the researches of many students in many lands, particularly in our country and in Germany. Nor is the reason far to seek. The evolution of Parliamentary Government was regarded in the nineteenth century by most of the progressive nations of the world as the outstanding and characteristic achievement of a people who appeared to be leading the world in the art of Government, no less than in commercial and industrial development. England was envied—and copied. But many of the copyists ignored the important point that parliamentary Government implied much more than activity in legislation and the control of finance. The differentiating characteristic of the English Parliament was that, unlike the Congress of the United States, it

sustained and controlled the Executive. In short, the Cabinet system is the hinge of democracy of the Parliamentary as opposed to the Presidential type.

In view of this obtrusive fact it is the more remarkable that until quite recently so few works should have been devoted to the analysis and elucidation of the Cabinet system. We had, of course, those brilliant chapters in Walter Bagehot's classical work on *The English Constitution*; the chapter on the *Cabinet* in John Morley's little book on Sir Robert Walpole is still worth reading, and most Constitutional Histories contain, of necessity, some reference to the subject. But, as far as I know, the first monograph devoted to the subject came from the pen of one of my Oxford pupils, M. A. Blanvelt, to whom I suggested it as almost untrodden ground.

Less than three years ago Dr. Ivor Jennings published what is likely to remain for some time to come the most comprehensive study on this neglected subject. The latest is provided by Dr. Berriedale Keith's book now under review. Dr. Keith has long been recognized as the greatest authority, living or dead, on the Constitutional status of the British Dominions. In particular he has devoted much attention to the evolution in the Dominions of what has come to be known as

"Responsible Government"—in more popular language the Cabinet System. It was, then, natural that he should have turned (though the order seems inverted) from the Dominions to the Homeland, whence the Dominions have derived the central feature in their scheme of Government.

The result is a valuable analysis of that working of the Cabinet system from 1930 to 1938. With a laudable and intelligible ambition to bring the work entirely up to date Dr. Keith has devoted a concluding chapter to "The Constitution under Strain." The strain referred to was imposed by the international crisis of September, 1938, and it is not perhaps remarkable, though it is regrettable, that Dr. Keith's treatment of this highly controversial subject should betray more than a trace of the political partisanship from which most of the author's previous work is so conspicuously free. Nor is the relevance of the concluding chapter to the main body of the work quite obvious, though the author makes an effort (pp. 559-564) to establish it.

Questioning of the propositions so confidently laid down by Dr. Keith in this chapter must not, however, be permitted to divert attention from the solid merits of his analysis of Cabinet Government, as it has evolved since 1830. There is, indeed, some evidence in the style of the work of inadequate correction of proofs, but Dr. Keith's most careful and conscientious citation of authorities continues to earn for him the gratitude of students.

Within the assigned limits of this review it is, however, impossible to do more than say that Dr. Keith's analysis covers all the essential points such as

the relation of the Cabinet to the Crown and to Parliament respectively, as well as to the increasingly numerous administrative departments. But special attention may be called to those sections of the work (notably chapters III. and X.) which deal with the position of the Prime Minister in relation to his colleagues, and to the King's influence on public affairs.

Space fails to do more than notice the publication of another new book on *The British Constitution*, by H. R. G. Greaves. Its differentiating characteristic is that, more persistently than most of its predecessors, it seeks to disclose the real, as opposed to the nominal, sources of political authority in England, and to exhibit the effective relation between the political order and the existing social and economic under-structure of the State. In the latter connection Mr. Greaves lays great stress on the fact that the "Royal Army" (in itself an unfamiliar description of what most of us have been wont to call the "British Army") "still reflects the conditions of a pre-democratic age" and "is clearly a reliable force for the maintenance of internal order on the lines of the present social structure". In proof of that contention the author prints in an appendix a list of the Army Council, Field Marshals, Generals and Lieutenant-Generals, in order to demonstrate that these men are all "Gentlemen, as is shown by public school education, by descent from the peerage, or by marriage with the daughters of baronets, officers, or men of property". As a fact there are only six Etonians and only one Wykehamist in the whole list, which suggests, moreover, a somewhat capricious connotation of the term "Gentlemen".

GLORY DEAD, by Arthur Calder-Marshall. *Michael Joseph*. 15s.

TUMBLING IN THE HAY, by Oliver St. John Gogarty. *Constable*. 10s.

Here are two island stories so totally different that it is impossible for the reviewer to bed them together comfortably in a column of comment. Mr. Calder-Marshall writes about Trinidad. He says that all his forerunners in this activity have upset the Trinidadians, except Charles Kingsley, who pleased them with his *At Last*. He refuses to follow in Kingsley's footsteps by writing "the most distinguished prose about sunsets over Savory's Bay... or the foam at Manzanilla". He has another purpose, a social-cleansing one, so astringent that he cannot pass on from his mention of that foam of the waves breaking far out over Manzanilla Bay without twisting his allusion thus, "When you walk in it, the foam clings to your feet and ankles. You look as if you were wearing a tart's bedroom slippers". Kingsley would not have said that.

But Mr. Calder-Marshall continues to say it. His purposely unperiodic prose drives home such startling similes with the staccato emphasis of an electric rivetter. The effect at first is stunning; but it accumulates an impression that seizes upon the reader's senses with the conviction of actuality. The author, rather one should say the reporter, piles up his small incidents to illustrate as he says, "the type of life going on in the capital at different times of the day, and stretches over twenty-four hours: a sort of scenario for a film on Port of Spain, like the film *Berlin*." The reason why I have done this is because I don't feel that an English audience will understand what Port of Spain is like

unless they can be given this sense of the everyday life."

Notice the deliberate repetition there. It is part of the author's technique; a newspaper technique: first the headline, then the sub-headline, then the same thing in greater detail. It slogs home what he wants to tell us; but what is it sacrificing? Is his impression of detailed, indiscriminate actuality, in all the confusion of fact momentarily observed, as lasting in the reader's mind as a digested sorting out of facts? I am not sure. I should like to wait for a few months, and then to recall what I can of this raw-spirit book, and of the thesis behind it.

Mr. Calder-Marshall was out there for three months, trying to produce a film. He took part in the social life, was entertained as Guest of Honour at banquets, rescued a pardoned French convict from being returned to Cayenne, was interrogated by the Detective-Inspector and watched by detectives, attended a religious meeting where a scarlet priestess healed the sick by murmuring 'In Jesus' Mightee name' and throwing them into a trance. He met the intelligentsia, the Press, the art colony, and visited schools, slum property, hospitals, and was forbidden to visit the leper colony. And after all that gathering of material he concludes with a section in which he discusses Crown Colony government and the labour question. His criticism of history is pungent and cynical, like that of most men of his generation, the post-war and angry young who find the world an unpleasant place and blame their parents and their grandparents for the apparent jungle-law by which the human race misgoverns itself. For example, he says "with all credit due

to Wilberforce, the motive for the abolition of slavery was the undermining of the economically entrenched French planters. This can be seen from the fact that after the abolition of slavery within the Empire the British came out for the South in the Civil War. Here the economic struggle was between Great Britain and the Northern States for the economic domination of the South". That may be so; but it sounds rather cut and dried, like so much of the iconoclastic doctrines of the young.

Dr. Gogarty also stands for independence of view, and the conflict of the individual against the coercions of society; but he does it by suggesting, in Shakespeare's words, that high politics and organized machinations

"Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay".

Hence the title of his book will delight his readers and lead them at once into the company he keeps; the Falstaffs, Rabelais, Fieldings, Melvilles, Quixotes; all the fellows who have ever refused to trim or be trimmed. It is also characteristic that the book is dedicated to Augustus John, "To you, Augustus, with your 'Don't be afraid of Life'". And there is no fear of that.

We see the rare fellow as a youngster, a medical student in his second year, being led by his redoubtable mother from the National Medical School, where she believes she has been insulted, to Trinity College, where she is greeted as befits her rank and the memory of her husband. So the youth has to begin all over again. But it does not worry him. He has his boon companions, his Pistols and his Bardolphs; and he has the good luck to fall into the hands of a glorious professor of Greek, whom

he calls "the Benign Doctor". By one stroke of luck after another—according to his nonchalant narration—he gets his qualifications, and leaves us at the point which he calls "transition". We have been entertained by a life in the streets and colleges of a Dublin that surely could never have existed in fact? It has, of course, been pictured by the pencil and the mad brushes of Mr. Jack Yeats, and that precedent gives us some little sense of locality. But the grand inconsequence of it; the landlords of the taverns where the wits gathered; the discussions in them of everything under the sun, from Oliver Goldsmith's calves to Aristophanes' cadences—and in the same breath! But perhaps I should say breathlessness. Yes, that better describes the speed and the humours of this gallant autobiography.

RICHARD CHURCH.

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS, by Count Hans Huyn. *Hutchinson*. 10s. 6d.

This is the autobiography of a man who combines in himself the outlook of the loyal Austrian, the true German and the good European. The personal story will entertain, for it is told with an engaging mixture of humour, irony and seriousness. To me, however, the greatest appeal of the book is in the author's confession of faith. For it is the faith of a man who, in spite of the political disaster which has befallen his own country, Austria, and the spiritual tragedy which has overtaken the wider German world of which he always felt himself a part, yet continues to believe in the existence of the true German soul, and has not lost hope that one day that soul will come again into its own and play its part in the building up of a better Europe.

While telling the story of his life, Count Huyn also tells of the end of the Hapsburg Empire, the destruction of the Germany of the Weimar Republic, Pilsudski's Poland, and the death of post-war Austria. His account of Austria's last days, witnessed both in Austria itself and from the Austrian Legation in London, makes vivid reading. All those who, like the present critic, wanted Austria to survive, will hardly disagree with the author that she failed to do so because her rulers, in spite of their patriotism, failed to provide the Austrian people with a true German ideology which could successfully combat Nazism.

Neither will they disagree that the tragedy of Thoiry, France's lost chance to build with Germany a new Europe, meant both the death of democratic Weimar Germany, and the birth of the present Europe, with its nerves, war-fears, and spiritual sterility.

The Polish chapters are especially entertaining. The author has an intimate knowledge of Poland, and he writes of her with a colourful and sometimes with a critical pen, but it is the criticism born of candid and even warm friendship.

There are charming passages about the author's early years as a student and a young naval officer in the old pre-war Austria, and grimly realistic pages about the Austria of the immediate post-war period. Those of us who have not understood the acceptance of Nazism by Germans of a type who would naturally have no sympathy for it should read his chapter on *Gleichschaltung*, the system which ruthlessly pressed a whole nation into the National-Socialist mould.

Count Huyn's view that the best in the German soul is universalist and rejects extreme nationalism should be remembered against the day when the present nightmare passes. At the same time the author does not shrink; and we should not either, from facing certain facts in the German psychology, which explain how that aspect of Germanism which rejects the lofty humanism of Goethe does at times come to the top, to the detriment not only of Germany but also of Europe.

The publication of *Tragedy of Errors* at this particular moment is timely.

C. F. MELVILLE.

BEETHOVEN, by Walter Riezler.
Forrester. 10s. 6d.

THE HEART EVER FAITHFUL, by
L. G. Bachmann. *Coldwell.* 8s. 6d.

In their attitude to music these two authors stand diametrically opposed; and their attitudes are the more interesting as being extreme examples of the ways in which the critic and the "man in the street" consider this contentious art. To Mr. Riezler, music, in the last analysis, is "music and nothing else". In other words, it is absolute, having no need of the literary or visual arts in order that it may be understood. To Miss Bachmann, on the other hand, music would seem to have every possible need of the literary and visual arts in order to be understood. Music is always suggesting, and is always being suggested by, something else. Its composition may be inspired by the sound of a fountain in a fragrant garden and its interpretation may call up a vision of the choiring heavenly hosts (both instances are taken from Miss Bachmann's own book). In fact,

music is delightful not for itself but for what it suggests.

This latter attitude is common among uninitiated listeners ; and the novelist, catering for such, is apt to employ it in its most flowery and extravagant form. Now Miss Bachmann is clearly a musician. But she is even more clearly a novelist ; and in *The Heart Ever Faithful*, which deals with the life of Bach during those last twenty-seven years which he spent as Cantor of the *Thomaskirche* in Leipzig, the novelist has said good-bye to the musician in a most final manner. Thus, of the Passion Music she writes : " In a low voice Friedemann spoke of the silvery tones of the string quartets which seemed to fall on the tone-pictures of the vocal parts with a sacred radiance and in particular seemed at once to sustain, embrace, and illuminate the Lord's voice ". Whatever this may have meant to the novelist, it can mean absolutely nothing to the musician ; and Miss Bachmann does well to add : " Music had never done that before ". It is to be hoped that it will never do it again.

Even more incomprehensible to the musician is the following description of the *Kunst der Fuge* :—

" It faced all the great questions with which men have been preoccupied. In it were represented the eternal processes of birth, development and passing away ; the ideas of eternity, of suffering and of death were symbolized, the age-old mysteries of hate and love, the meaning and purpose of life—all found a place in his music. But one question seemed unresolved. What is man ? The conclusion of the work was to answer this question, the final fugue which was to be the crown of the whole ".

After which nobody will be surprised to learn that, as he lay dying, Bach heard the Seraphim singing the music of his Mass. Facing the throne of

heaven at last, he apologized for having died before he had finished the *Kunst der Fuge* and received consolation as follows : " It was not to be finished by thee. If it were thou would'st have told men those eternal things which are hidden from them ".

Mr. Riezler's theory of " absolute music " comes like a cold plunge after this steamy bath of sentimentality. Simply and very clearly he has sketched the life of Beethoven and managed, even in so brief a survey, to banish quite a number of those lush notions dear to the heart of the novelist. Here, for instance, is one example of his iconoclasm : " (Beethoven's) love of country life was not in the least due to a longing for solitude or the avoidance of his fellow-men. . . . His duties in aristocratic society may often have been a burden to him ; but intercourse with fellow-musicians and enthusiasts of his own class he always welcomed ". Here is another : " The modern theory of ' subliminal eroticism ' as the root of artistic creation applies as little to Beethoven as to any one else ". And finally, he effectively banishes the sentimental idea (based on so-called evidence from the *Heiligenstädter Testament*) that Beethoven ever contemplated suicide.

But it is in the remaining sections of his book that Mr. Riezler has made his most valuable contribution to the literature of music. Pursuing his theory that words can only have one value for the musician in writing of his art, namely, to " reveal the purely musical facts and so help us to understand the organic structure of a composition ", he proceeds to give brief but succinct analyses of all Beethoven's major works ; and further, as an example of the detailed application

of his method of criticism, he adds an appendix to the book in which the organic structure of the first movement of the Eroica Symphony is examined, bar by bar, through thirty closely reasoned pages. To the student, this analysis, and indeed the whole of Mr. Riezler's astringent study, is most valuable and has no need, incidentally, of Dr. Furtwängler's singularly uninspired introduction. To the 'man in the street', however, it may seem perhaps too severe reading.

Is there, then, no half-way house between the severe technicalities of such a book as *Beethoven* and the soulful 'interpretations' of such a book as *The Heart Ever Faithful*?

C. HENRY WARREN.

OUR PRESENT DISCONTENTS, by W. R. Inge. *Putnam*. 7s. 6d.

TRUE HUMANISM, by Jacques Maritain. *Geoffrey Bles*. 10s. 6d.

Suspicion is aroused against any reviewer who sees in one flight of quills and paper too many swans. I venture, however, the assertion that England boasts no greater essayist living than Dean Inge, judged by the established tests of style of diction, profundity of ideas, richness of learning and strength of passion. That passion indeed often wears the form of a prejudice nurtured by a pretty malice. In this present volume, which ranges from 'How Rome Dealt With The Christians' to 'The Servant Problem', it would be idle to look for smooth sayings about democracy. Anxious taking of the auspices of public opinion by democratic augurs and mass observers only calls forth the observation that "the symbol of our race is not the eagle but the parrot". It is a healthy sign that there

should be writers who are not afraid of remarks which, whether truth or not, are at least unpopular. Of the 'Collective Security', of which we hear so much, Dr. Inge comments mordantly: "It would consist of ourselves, who profess to have abandoned war as an instrument of policy; of some twelve million Russian barbarians fighting under the bloodstained banner of Communism; and on the West, there would be a million negroes, armed and drilled by France. . . . I do not think the coalition would win". Dean Inge's sword has the sharpness of a rapier and the weight of a battle-axe. More's the pity that this first-class mind should choose to cabin these powers within the unsatisfactory confines of articles designed for the daily press.

The pity of it is shown when we turn to the work of M. Maritain who, with no better equipment or shrewder judgment, is building up a position that may be decisive in moulding the Western tradition in culture of the future. Like Dean Inge, M. Maritain is bored with that deference to public opinion which it may be profitable to observe as in an human aquarium, but compared with which he prefers even the theory of the 'fully conscious vanguard' of class Communism. Attention to opinion is for Maritain, as for Lenin, a bourgeois liberal delusion.

M. Maritain's thesis is that of a neo-Thomism as the informative spirit of what he terms, an 'integrated humanism'. This humanism preserves the tradition of a continuous culture as norm and compass-needle of sound values. Strict cultural homogeneity is not set—as in the Cæsaro-Papalism that Inge and Maritain unite to condemn—over against democratic trial and

error and discussion. A political pluralism or federalism on the political plane, is visualized that yet coheres into unity, thanks to the perfusing faith of a central Catholic nucleus that grasps with profound consciousness its own tradition.

"It is vain to assert the dignity and vocation of human personality if we do not strive to transform the conditions that oppress these". This reform is to be carried out in the context of the Grand Tradition of Western Culture in its Catholic species. I yet fear lest this thesis of reform, in M. Maritain's case, has become so refined, chiselled and delicate as to be brittle in working in the crude forces of human nature—liable, like so many elaborate rationalizations, to be tolerant in practice of gross monstrosities. Values do not arise from individual human experience; but they are discovered and tested through that experience. That at least is the characteristic theme of Anglo-Saxon humanism over against French logic. Further, frankly, I am alarmed about the depressant effect that M. Maritain's *soigné* brand of humanism may have upon technical advance and upon the total quantitative extension of the means of civilization.

I have the highest respect for the quality of M. Maritain's critical judgment in his analysis of secularist free-thought and of Marxism. Readers of Professor MacMurray's work could, with profit, read also this criticism. I suggest, however, that despite his theme of 'personality', M. Maritain pays too little respect to the Anglo-Saxon empiric tradition which he tends to identify rather lightly with Benthamism or even with the bourgeois Philistine. The Anglo-Saxon, let us remember, also

thinks. But I can imagine no task of greater intellectual significance to-day than to discover the links between Protestant-born democratic liberty and Catholic Christianity, both of which are now under mortal attack. In large part that is a task of analysing the common values of Anglo-Saxon and of French Catholic culture. Towards it M. Maritain is making an eminent contribution, reminiscent in many ways of Unamuno's *Tragic Sense*, as French as the latter was Spanish, but more relevant to our present needs. He bids fair to be one of the creators of the Modern World.

GEORGE CATLIN.

LORD NORTH, by W. Baring Pemberton. *Longmans, Green.* 21s.
THE RISE OF GEORGE CANNING, by Dorothy Marshall. *Longmans, Green.* 15s.

Mr. Pemberton's book on *Lord North* is an attempt to reconsider the career of a statesman who has rarely received unbiassed treatment from historians: to most people he is known as "the man who lost America". It is therefore most satisfactory to find that the same biographer who has given us such a readable life of Carteret has brought his talents and attractive style of writing to this life of Lord North.

Clearly no eighteenth-century statesman could have led the House of Commons for fifteen years without being possessed of more than ordinary ability, and the feat seems the more remarkable in that Fox and Burke were his opponents. Lord North's personal attributes—his ridiculous figure, his poor delivery, his well-known indolence, were not qualities which suggested that their possessor would be likely to be

successful in the House of Commons ; but his admirable private character, his tact and wit, and his skilful management of finance achieved for him a position which historians have not always allowed him. The loss of America and his complete adoption of the position of King's servant have made it as impossible for Whig historians to conceal their contempt for him as it has been for Tory writers to give fair consideration to his motives in joining his old enemy Fox in 1783, or to assess at its true worth Pitt's implacable hatred of him. Lord North himself was not a party man at all, so that it is not so surprising that he has received scant justice at the hands of either. Mr. Pemberton does not set out to prove that North was a great statesman ; he does most admirably succeed in showing that he was a man of unquestioned ability, and that if he contributed to the ultimate loss of America, he must be allowed to have saved Canada.

Perhaps Burke's estimate, which Mr. Pemberton quotes in the conclusion of his lucid and scholarly book, is the fairest verdict—"He was a man of admirable parts ; of general knowledge ; of a versatile understanding fitted for every sort of business ; of infinite wit and pleasantry ; of a delightful temper ; and with a mind most perfectly disinterested. But it would be only to degrade myself by a weak adulation, and not to honour the memory of a great man, to deny that he wanted something of the vigilance and spirit of command that the time required."

The character of William Pitt the younger, who like his father is treated a little bitterly by the biographer of Lord North, is naturally a central theme of Miss Dorothy Marshall's *The*

Rise of George Canning. This book has been written with a full knowledge of some previously unpublished private papers, which include a very full journal of Canning's and his letters to his wife ; Miss Marshall has made skilful use of this material to bring out the story of the conversion of the friend of Sheridan and Fox to the Toryism of Pitt, and the sorry period brought about by Pitt's resignation and Addington's ministry. Thus she has succeeded in presenting more or less in Canning's own words the real history of his early career. Nor is she afraid to show his defects, many of which spring from his very best qualities ; before Pitt's second ministry Canning must have been a most irritating friend for Pitt, and after the latter again took office a most unhappy one. Most of his troubles were of his own making. Yet his devotion to Pitt was a lovely thing, which no differences in politics and no "quarrelling and making it up all day long" could mar.

The story of his courtship and marriage is excellently told ; once Canning told his wife that she and Pitt were the only people to whom he owed any sense of obligation. It is perhaps to this that Canning's success and failure may be traced.

J. F. BURNET.

A WORLD HISTORY OF ART, by Sheldon Cheney. *Cape*. 30s.

The art historian's task is to reassess the art work of the ages in terms of personal experience of an emotion. Although such an estimate must be largely a subjective one, Mr. Cheney has tried to keep his survey as objective as possible. That is not to say that

the book is an impersonal chronological statement; his approach is not that of the historian, interested mainly in the course of human affairs, neither is it that of the archæologist, concerned with remains, nor yet that of the biographer, recording, like Vasari, details and anecdotes of artists' lives. The whole book holds an admirable balance between these aspects and Mr. Cheney's major theme that art is for the observer's delight. Enumerating the main theories that are held about the origins of art, he gives most favour to the idea that art is an inborn necessity, a detached phenomenon which arose, not as an adjunct to magic and religion, nor to objects of use, but as an exuberant independent activity.

"Not too much effort, please, to reason it out. Let us say, here is art for our enjoyment . . . let us enjoy as spontaneously as we can the Pomo basket, the Alaskan totem, the Nigerian idol". Implicit in this advice, there is the hope that a more intelligent attitude exists in the educated public to-day than obtained, say, twenty years ago. That hope, surely, is wellfounded; a reassessment of art forms has begun; a new point of view has made it possible to restate values. Traditional verdicts have been modified and, in some cases, reversed. The criterion of the drawing master, excellence in imitation, has given way to an appreciative recognition of formal, structural and rhythmic values. Painting and sculpture are no longer thought of as exercises in fidelity of representation but as intuitive and interpretative organizations. Our perception has become more sensitive, and our capacity for experiencing works of art has developed and widened. As an exponent of this new conception,

Mr. Cheney has redistributed the emphases. His standpoint enables him to make a comprehensive survey which justifies the title of his book as a world history of art. A most interesting feature of this history is the appropriate, but unusual, deference that he pays to Chinese works; his enthusiastic valuation makes some amends for the sins of omission committed by other art historians. Two chapters are given over to an expression of his reverent admiration for Chinese painting and plastic arts, and the pleasures that are to be derived from the contemplation of an art which, in itself, is essentially contemplative, looking out from the eye of the soul at the eternal realities. He draws a skilful comparison between Greek and Chinese art, "the way of the mind and the way of the spirit", and holds that the Chinese achievement is the greater. This does not imply a disparagement of Greek art, but rather that modern æsthetic theories are more in harmony with those forms of art which arouse emotions in us by playing on the overtones of our physical existence. In the light of this universal reconsideration of art, it is not surprising to find certain figures like Giorgione, El. Greco, Blake, Goya and Daumier emerging from a comparative obscurity, while others like Botticelli, Donatello, even Raphael and Leonardo falling back a pace or two. One titanic figure, Michelangelo, remains aloof, untouched by a shifting scale of values, perhaps achieving an added stature. Rembrandt and Cézanné share the same certainty of a place in the fore-front of European painting.

Mr. Cheney's history is a remarkable achievement, the extent of which cannot be described in a short review. The

world art story is told by a commentator with a rare capacity for clear, stimulating exposition, whose appreciation is alert, infectious and even inspiring. Above all, his æsthetic judgments, free from the tight limits of a formula, are consistent and coherent. The book is illustrated with some four hundred well chosen photographs.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

FOX IN THE CLOAK, by Harry Lee.
Collins. 8s. 6d.

HAWK AMONG THE SPARROWS, by
Desmond Hawkins. *Longmans. 7s. 6d.*

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY, by W.
Somerset Maugham. *Heinemann. 7s. 6d.*

A FAMILY AND A FORTUNE, by
I. Compton-Burnett. *Gollancz. 7s. 6d.*

The wealthy romantic, in the United States, finds his escape in the dude ranches and other establishments of the kind ; but the romantic without money has a hard time in a society controlled by Kahns and Grosses. It is the tragedy implicit in the life of such a romantic that is the most living part of *Fox in the Cloak*. Despite himself, apparently, Mr. Lee has made Alec Glass, fallen scion of an old Southern family, the most vital character in his story, with his pathetic poring over maps and his never-to-be-used shotguns. Though driven to drink by an indifferent and often resentful wife (admittedly he was untidy in his habits), Alec never loses heart and succeeds in getting job after job and doing well in them, too, sooner or later ; and his final departure for Philadelphia is a great loss. Meanwhile the main story deals with the struggles of his priggish but not unlikeable son Neil to elude the tentacles of the octopus of commer-

cialism and achieve a career as an artist. In this rather long-drawn-out process he is helped by a hardworking but somehow irritating mother ; and the apple-cart is nearly upset by his falling for a completely unsuitable and nearly brainless girl, with all the predatory instincts and ready-made standards of the American lower middle class. It is difficult to feel that Neil would not have smelt danger earlier.

The philistine atmosphere of Atlanta is well conveyed, however, and the Southern townsman's attitude to the negroes is brought out with skill ; and some of the minor characters in a large cast have the spark of life in them.

In *Hawk among the Sparrows* Mr. Hawkins also finds a theme in the clash between the intellectual and the philistine temperaments. But here the scene is provincial England, and the

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philistine family one of that vast concourse of the "retired" who populate the smaller villas on the outskirts of our towns. The predatory motive is again accentuated in the person of Mrs. Sparge, and she is really rather a terrifying person, waiting spider-like to pounce on her selected victim. Mr. Hawkins is to be congratulated on this study of evil and inertia combined in one body. Mrs. Sparge is worthy of being placed in the Chamber of Horrors beside Tod Lapraik; she has quite a touch of warlockry about her.

This might account for the otherwise inexplicable way in which intellectual Mr. Kipter allowed himself to be all but caught in her web; for admittedly he saw what was coming. The tragic explosion at the end is in nice contrast with the comedy of manners that takes upmost of the book. The novel is intentionally on a small scale, but it reveals the touch of a real craftsman.

Mr. Somerset Maugham leads us at once into higher and lower walks of life. *A Christmas Holiday* takes Charlie, comfortable son of a comfortable English family, into the *bas-fonds* of Paris, guided there by his friend Simon, journalist and schizophrenic. On reflection, Simon appears almost incredibly sinister, but Mr. Maugham's practised skill compels us to admit him for the time being. The tragic story-within-a-story of Lydia and Robert Berger is very far from being incredible; indeed in some respects it resembles the actual true tale of a young Parisian of good education and artistic discernment who "went wrong" for sport in much the same way.

Maugham fans may at first find the book unexpectedly serious, but his humour will out; and the comparison

of Charlie's two visits to the Louvre, one with his parents, who admire all the "correct" things, and one with Lydia, who claims no knowledge of art, is delicious. The poor old bourgeoisie, as usual, are the target of the author's wit, and they richly deserve all they get if they really are as self-satisfied as he makes out. But it is difficult to believe that "the bottom had fallen out" of Charlie's world, even after his introduction to a layer of society he had never dreamt of. He was, after all, only 23, and many similar men of his age have managed to survive much greater horrors without the ultimate calamity. Never mind, *A Christmas Holiday* makes good reading.

When confronted with a dust-cover proclaiming that an author's style recalls both Shaw and Congreve, and her characters those of Jane Austen, the modest reviewer approaches the volume with some trepidation. In fairness to Miss Compton-Burnett, however, it must be insisted that she has a very definite style of her own, which is neither Shaw's nor Congreve's, and is very far from being to everyone's taste. It has a curious rhythmic pattern, and the rhythm is apt to be repetitive. If you like the pattern, this is admirable; if not, it is infuriating.

The story of the novel is tenuous; hasty readers will find it told, in all essentials, in a half-page of the last chapter. But if they restrict themselves to that, they will miss the admirable Aubrey, the youngest and most intelligent (not to say precocious) of a singularly unattractive family. He acts as a sort of Greek chorus to the weaknesses of his elders and preserves an undaunted spirit in face of the scorn of the rest.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

The tempo of political developments in the international field has once again spread confusion in the ranks of democracy. Since last autumn, it was thought, the States, whose peoples prize other values than power and the warrior-ideal, had made up considerable lee-way. But Herr Hitler's gains in Central Europe this month, in terms of economic wealth and armament-power, have wiped out that achievement, and the 'confidence', which official declarations were designed to ingeminate, has been blown sky-high. In these circumstances, THE FORTNIGHTLY, faint but pursuing, can only depict, as objectively as possible, the issues that are at stake—and, in the national context, reflect glints from the fire of indignation and resolve which the new situation has disclosed.

Those who have seen in the *Dynamik* of Nazi Germany a consistent process of aggression—and not any mere liberation from the shackles of Versailles—are now vindicated. THE FORTNIGHTLY has in the past twelve months included several articles pointing to that conclusion. But no one has yet analysed in detail the actual new technique of aggression—amounting to conquest without war. F. Elwyn Jones, who essays this task, is a young barrister and writer who has made the subject his own. Two recent books 'Hitler's

Drive to the East', and 'The Battle for Peace' have made his reputation, and he is now engaged on a Penguin Special volume on 'Europe after Munich'. He is also editing 'Safeguards of Justice' to which Viscount Sankey contributes a preface.

Instead of an article on the new face of Central Europe—which at present cannot be written—we have from Elizabeth Wiskemann a brief survey of the mind and mood of Switzerland, considered by many as likely to be one of the next targets of German aggression. Elizabeth Wiskemann has contributed several articles to THE FORTNIGHTLY in recent years, each showing a remarkable grasp of the situation in the country of which she is writing. Her book *Czechs and Germans*, published last summer by the Oxford University Press under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, has been justly acclaimed as the standard work on that subject.

Of the new determination to make democracy effective and bomb-proof, so to speak, the article by Duncan Sandys, M.P., is encouraging evidence. The author, a Conservative (whereas the two above-named contributors are Labour and Liberal in their sympathies respectively) has from the first taken very seriously the shortcomings and the lack of initiative displayed in the A.R.P.

measures of the United Kingdom. A year ago he went to Barcelona to see for himself what measures of passive defence were proving to be best fitted for the situation there. If such a vigilant critic is now satisfied that the Minister of Defence, Sir John Anderson, has done all that is humanly possible to make good the bad start of 1936-37, one may surely be encouraged. Duncan Sandys is M.P. for South Norwood and Chairman of the Parliamentary A.R.P. Committee. He is the son-in-law of Mr. Winston Churchill — whose judgment of Munich, as our regular commentator, Stephen Gwynn observes, has been vindicated in the happenings of the past fortnight.

Another Conservative—of an older generation—is **Major-General Sir Charles Gwynn**, who sets down his conclusions on the much-debated question of air warfare. Sir Charles Gwynn is one of several brothers who have found distinction in different walks of life. He went from school in Dublin to the R.M.A., Woolwich, then had action service in Australia and West Africa before the European War. Later he was Commandant of the Staff College at Camberley, 1926-37, and he will be remembered, subsequently, as Military Correspondent of the *Morning Post*. In 1923-24 he was A.D.C. to King George V. His book 'Imperial Policing' 1934 is a notable contribution to the saga of the British Army.

A contributor who needs no introduction to our regular readers is **D. W. Brogan**, Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Deseriting American themes for the nonce, Deni Brogan gives us a characteristic rollicking study of new trends in the British political system. His book on the American political system, by the way, remains a classic of our time.

Continuing the process of stock-taking **Sir Alfred Zimmern** plots the graph of the British Empire to-day—in the light of the unofficial conference on British Commonwealth relations which took place last autumn in Sydney. Professor Zimmern, who is in charge of the work in International Relations at Oxford, likewise needs no introduction. As an exponent of the themes of Nationality and Government (the title of one of his earlier books), and a fond critic of the British Empire he stands alone.

As usual, politics has jostled out many other interesting aspects of public affairs. But the **Rev. J. A. H. Bell**, who has had long experience of urban and rural parishes, discusses the perennial problems of the poor parson. We have, too, a perspicuous commentary on Music Festivals by **F. Bonavia**, an old established music critic on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. Other features include a story by an old friend, **Albert Jarosy**, and a poem.

THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The Swiss National Exhibition will be held at Zürich from May until October. The Exhibition will occupy two large park areas on opposite sides of the lake. On the right bank will be a number of displays stressing the importance of agriculture in Swiss economic life. Various sections are to be given over to market gardening, fruit and wine-growing and cattle raising. Here, too, will be a model Swiss Village. Switzerland is a pioneer in tourism and it is only natural that a large section be devoted to "Resort and Travel". The Hotel on the Lake has some of its rooms arranged in the style of the nineties, while others feature all the modern conveniences Swiss hotels now offer. The hotel has a large restaurant and a lecture hall, as well as a reading room and writing room. But the special attraction will be the hotel kitchen which visitors can see in full working order.

The "Transportation" exhibit will be exceptionally comprehensive. The development of street cars, buses and Alpine Postal Motor Coaches will be reviewed.

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Although the film "England", made by Pathé for the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, lasts only for six minutes, it manages in that time to convey vividly the need for National Parks in Britain, which are intended to serve the three-fold aim of preserving wild scenery, creating Nature Reserves and throwing open to the public great stretches of land for open air recreation. The message of the film is irresistible. Crowds leaving London Bridge Station contrast with the gentle surge of the waves on the Dorset coast; the children's playground in the city street with the bucolic peace of the Downs; the ever-present shadow of park railings with the rolling moors of the North. Besides this, the threat to the very places where peace and recreation can be found, the building and commercial development which, in six months or less, can ruin a lovely landscape for ever, is cleverly depicted. Urban necessity and rural need both combine to make National Parks essential to the life of the country. The film concludes with a plea for support of the C.P.R.E. in its efforts to secure the establishment of National Parks by the Government, a plea which yesterday's audience at the Centre was by no means slow to appreciate. This film will be seen in public cinemas all over the country during the next few months.

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The British Sight-Efficiency Committee, which has recently been appointed by the optical industry of Great Britain, has made an investigation into the question of the sight welfare of factory and office workers. This investigation has revealed that, while working conditions have improved

tremendously since the war, the employer has paid little attention to the sight efficiency of his staff. Admittedly much has been done to improve the lighting in a vast majority of factories, offices and work-rooms, but a deeper consideration of the question reveals that it is of little use to hope that improved lighting will remedy sight defects which already exist. A survey of the working population has made it plain that almost 45% of employees are afflicted with some form of visual defect, which, whilst it remains uncorrected, does much to hamper the efficiency and accuracy demanded in present day industry and commerce. Modern conditions undoubtedly demand good sight, and it is encouraging to know that at last eyes are receiving the attention they deserve.

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During the last six months THE FORTNIGHTLY has published the following outstanding articles dealing with the "crisis" months in Europe. All are remarkable for their foresight and are worth reading and re-reading.
October, 1938—

The Loom of Power, by The Editor.

The Czech Crisis : The Foreground, by C. F. Melville.

The Czech Crisis : The Background, by Robert Parker.

Germany's "Bleeding Frontiers", by Joachim Joesten.

Franco's Spain, by Manuel Chaves Nogales.

November, 1938—

Munich and After, by Professor R. W. Seton-Watson.

Second Thoughts in France, by D. R. Gillie.

Tanganyika and the Mandate, by Lord Chesham.

December, 1938—

Colonies for Germany ?, by Lord Esher.

Facing the Issues, by P. V. Emrys-Evans, M.P.

January, 1939—

Germany and the Mediterranean, by Elizabeth Monroe.

Baltic Trends, by Robert Machray.

Dr. Negrin's Thirteen Points, by W. C. Atkinson.

February, 1939—

Poland's Problems in 1939, by Stefan Litauer.

Ruthenia Today and To-morrow, by Henry Baerlein.

March, 1939—

Germany's Naval Aims, by Frank Clements.

Rumania, 1939, by George Pendle.

The Calvary of Spain, by W. Horsfall Carter.

The "Axis" in South America, by N. P. Macdonald.

Copies of these issues can be obtained, price 3s. 6d. each, from The Manager, The Fortnightly Review, 13, Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.